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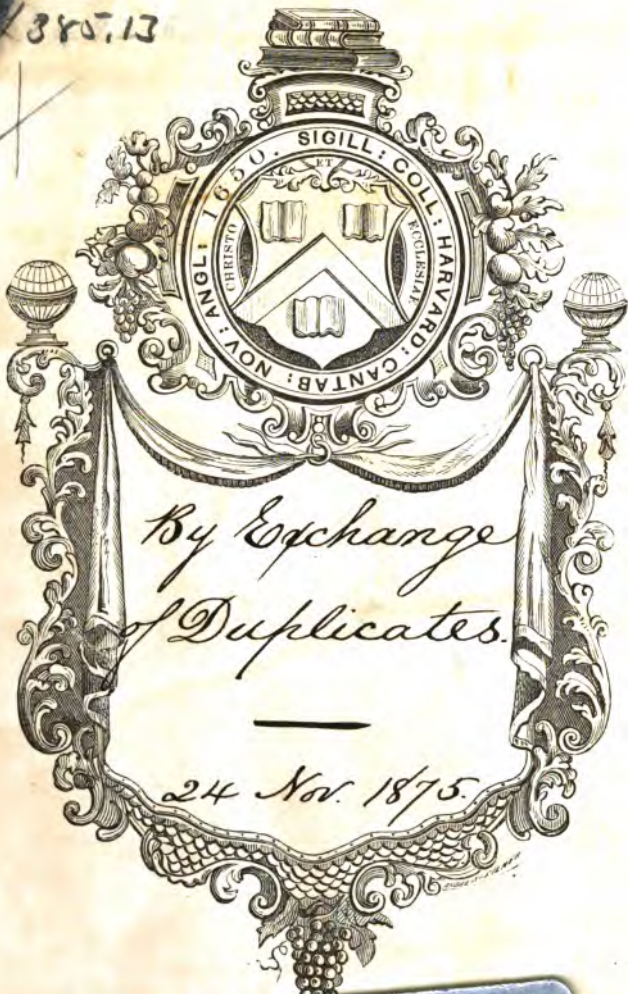

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CHIPS

FOR THE

CHIMNEY CORNER.

GATHERED BY

FRANK MUNSELL.

"Give me some witch and wizard tales,
Of slip-shod ghosts with fins and scales,
Or feathers like a pigeon."

ALBANY, N Y.:
MUNSELL'S STEAM PRESS.
1871.

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LEGENDS.

THE MUSICIAN OF AUGSBURG.

THERE lived, at some former time, in the city of Augsburg, a musician, whose name was Nieser. There was no kind of musical instrument that he could not fashion with his own hands, nor was there any upon which he could not perform indifferently well. He was also a composer; and, although none of his compositions are now extant, tradition informs us that his reputation in that, as well as in the other departments of the art, not only filled the city, but extended throughout the whole circle of Suabia. Other causes contributed to swell his fame: he possessed great wealth — acquired, it was sometimes whispered, not in the most creditable way; and the only inheritor of it was a daughter, whose beauty and innocence might well have been deemed dowry sufficient, without the prospective charms of her father's possessions. Esther was indeed almost as celebrated for the softness of her blue eyes, and the sweetness of her smile, and her many kind actions, as old Nieser was for his wealth, and the excellence of his stringed instruments, and the paucity of his good deeds.

Now, in spite of the wealth of old Nieser, and the respect which it had obtained for him, and the musical celebrity which he enjoyed, one sore

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grievance pressed heavily upon him. Esther, his only child, the sole representative of a long line of musicians, could scarcely distinguish one tune from another; and it was a source of melancholy anticipation to Nieser, that he should leave behind him no heir to that talent which he held in almost equal estimation with his riches. But, as Esther grew up, he began to take consolation in thinking that if he could not be the father, he might live to be the grandsire, of a race of musicians. No sooner, therefore, was she of a marriageable age than he formed the singular resolution of bestowing her, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whomsoever should compose the best sonata, and perform the principal part in it. This determination he immediately published throughout the city, appointing a day for the competition; and he was heard to affirm, with a great oath, that he would keep his promise, though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers. Some say this was spoken jocularly; but it would have been better for old Nieser, had he never spoken it at all: it is certain, however, that he was a wicked old man, and no respecter of religion.

No sooner was the determination of Nieser, the musician, known in Augsburg, than the whole city was in a ferment. Many who had never dared to raise their thoughts so high, now unexpectedly found themselves competitors for the hand of Esther; for independently of Esther's charms and Nieser's florins, professional reputation was at stake. In short, where this was wanting, vanity supplied its place and there was not a musician in Augsburg who was not urged, from one motive or another, to enter the

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lists for the prize of beauty. Morning, noon and night, the streets of Augsburg were filled with melodious discord. From every open window proceeded the sound of embryo sonatas; nor was any other subject spoken of throughout the city, than the approaching competition, and its probable issue. A musical fever infected all ranks: the favorite airs were caught, and repeated and played and sung in every house in Augsburg; the sentinels at the gates hummed sonatas as they paced to and fro; the shopkeepers sat among their wares singing favorite movements; and customers, as they entered, took up the air, forgetful of their business, and sang duets across the counters. It is even said, that the priests murmured allegrettoes as they left the confessional; and that two bars of a presto movement were found upon the back of one of the bishop's homilies.

But amidst all this commotion, there was one who shared not in the general excitation. This was Franz Gortlingen, who, with a little more musical talents than Esther, possessed one of the best hearts and handsomest persons in Suabia. Franz loved the daughter of the musician; and she on her part, would rather at any time have heard her own name, with some endearing word prefixed to it, whispered by Franz, than listen to the finest sonata that was ever composed between the Rhine and the Oder. Nieser's decree was therefore of sad import to both Esther and Franz.

It was now the day next to that upon which the event was to be decided, and Franz had taken no step towards the accomplishment of his wishes: and how was it possible that he should? He never composed a bar of music in his life; to play a simple air on

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the harpsichord exhausted all the talent he was master of. Late in the evening Franz walked out of his lodgings, and descended into the street. The shops were all shut, and the streets entirely deserted; but lights were still visible in some of the open windows; and from these came sadly upon the ear of Gortlingen the sound of instruments in preparation for the event which was to deprive him of Esther. Sometimes he stopped and listened, and he could see the faces of the musicians lighted up with pleasure at the success of their endeavors and in anticipation of their triumph.

Gortlingen walked on and on, until at length he found himself in that part of the city, which although he had lived in Augsburg all his life, he never recollected to have seen before. Behind him the sounds of music had all died away, before him was heard the low rush of the river, and mingled with it there came at times upon the ear faint tones of wondrous melody. One solitary and far distant glimmer showed that the reign of sleep was not yet universal; and Gortlingen conjectured, from the direction of the sound, that some anxious musician was still at his task in preparation for the morrow. Gortlingen went onwards, and as he drew nearer to the light, such glorious bursts of harmony swelled upon the air, that, all unskilled as he was in music, the tones had a spell in them which more and more awakened his curiosity as to who might be their author. Quickly and noiselessly he went forward until he reached the open window, whence the sound proceeded. Within, an old man sat at a harpsichord, with a manuscript before him: his back was turned towards the window, but an antique

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and tarnished mirror showed to Gortlingen the face and gestures of the musician.

It was a face of infinite mildness and benevolence; not such a countenance as Gortlingen remembered to have ever seen the likeness of before, but such as one might desire to see often again. The old man played with the most wondrous power; now and then he stopped and made alterations in his manuscript, and as he tried the effects of them he showed his satisfaction by audible expressions, as if of thanksgiving in some unknown tongue.

Gortlingen could at first scarcely contain his indignation at the supposition that this little old man should dare to enter the lists as one of Esther's suitors; for he could not doubt, that he, like the others he had seen, was preparing for the competition; but as he looked and listened, gradually his anger was quelled in contemplating the strangely mild countenance of the musician, and his attention fixed by the beauty and uncommon character of the music; and at length, at the conclusion of a brilliant passage, the performer perceived that he had a sharer in his demonstrations of pleasure; for Gortlingen, in his unrestrained applause, quite drowned the gentler exclamations of the mild old man. Immediately the musician rose, and throwing open the door, "Good evening master Franz," said he, "sit down and tell me how you like my sonata, and if you think it likely to win Nieser's daughter." There was something so benignant in the old man's expression, and so pleasing in his address, that Gortlingen felt no enmity, and he sat down and listened to the player.

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"You like the sonata, then?" said the old man, when he had concluded it.

"Alas!" replied Gortlingen, "would that I were able to compose such a one!"

"Hearken to me," said the old man. "Nieser swore a sinful oath, that he would bestow his daughter upon whomsoever might compose the best sonata, even although it was composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers. These words were not spoken unheard: they were borne on the night winds, and whispered through the forests, and struck on the ear of them who sat in the dim valley; and the demon's laugh and shout broke loud upon the calm of midnight, and were answered from the lone depths of a hundred hills: but the good heard also; and though they pitied not Nieser, they pitied Esther and Gortlingen. Take this roll; go to the hall of Nieser; a stranger will compete for the prize, and two others will seem to accompany him; the sonata which I have given to you is the same that he will play; but mine has a virtue of its own; watch an opportunity and substitute mine for his!"

When the old man had concluded his extraordinary address, he took Gortlingen by the hand, and led him by some unknown ways to one of the gates of the city, and there left him.

As Gortlingen walked homewards, grasping the roll of paper, his mind was alternately occupied in reflections upon the strange manner in which he had become possessed of it, and in anticipation of the morrow's event. There was something in the expression of the old man that he could not mistrust, though he was unable to comprehend in what way he could be benefited by the substitution of one so-

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nata for another, since he was not himself to be a competitor. With these perplexing thoughts he reached home, and laid down and fell asleep, while all night long Esther's blue eyes were discoursing with him, and the tones of the old man's sonata were floating in the air.

At sunset next evening Nieser's hall was to be thrown open to the competitors. As the hour approached, all the musicians of Augsburg were seen hurrying towards the house, with rolls of paper in their hands, and accompanied by others carrying different musical instruments, while crowds were collected at Nieser's gate to see the competitors pass in. Gortlingen, when the hour arrived, taking his roll, soon found himself at Nieser's gate where many who were standing, knew him, and pitied him, because of the love he bore the musician's daughter; and they whispered one to another, "What does Franz Gortlingen with a roll in his hand: surely he means not to enter the lists with the musicians?" When Gortlingen entered the hall, he found it full of the competitors and amateurs, friends of Nieser's, who had been invited to be present. Nieser sat in his chair of judgment at the upper end of the room, and Esther by his side, like a victim arrayed for sacrifice. As Gortlingen made his way through the hall, with his roll of music in his hand, a smile passed over the faces of the musicians, who all knew each other, and who also knew that he could scarcely execute a march, much less a sonata, even if he could compose one. Nieser, when he saw him, smiled from the same cause; but when Esther's eye met his, if she smiled at all, it was a faint and sorrowful

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smile of recognition, and soon gave place to tears that stole down her cheek.

It was announced that the competitors should advance and enroll their names, and that the trial should then proceed by lot. The last that advanced was a stranger, for whom every one instinctively made way. No one had ever seen him before, or knew whence he came; and so forbidding was his countenance, so strange a leer was in his eye, that even Nieser whispered to his daughter that he hoped *his* sonata might not prove the best.

"Let the trial begin," said Nieser: "I swear that I will bestow my daughter, who now sits by my side, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whomsoever shall have composed the best sonata, and perform the principal part in it." "And you will keep your oath?" said the stranger, advancing in front of Nieser. "I will keep my oath," said the musician of Augsburg, "though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers." There was a dead silence; a distant shout and faint laughter fell on the ear like an echo. The stranger alone smiled; every one else shuddered.

The first lot fell upon the stranger, who immediately took his place, and unrolled his sonata. Two others, whom no one had observed before, took their instruments in their hands, and placed themselves beside him, all waiting the signal to begin. Every eye was fixed upon the performers. The sign was given; and as the three musicians raised their heads to glance at the music, it was perceived with horror that the three faces were alike. A universal shudder crept through the assembly; all was silent con-

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fusion; no one spoke or whispered to his neighbor: but each wrapped himself up in his cloak and stole away; and soon there was none left, excepting the *three* who still continued the sonata, and Gortlingen, who had not forgotten the injunction of the old man. Old Nieser still sat in his chair; but he, too, had seen, and as he remembered his wicked oath, he trembled.

Gortlingen stood by the performers, and as they approached what he remembered to be the conclusion, he boldly substituted his, for the sonata that lay before them. A dark scowl passed over the face of the three, and a distant wail fell upon the ear like an echo.

Some hour after midnight the benign old man was seen to lead Esther and Gortlingen out of the hall; but the sonata still proceeded. Years rolled on. Esther and Gortlingen were wedded, and in due course of time died; but the strange musicians still labor at their task, and old Nieser still sits in his judgment chair, beating time to the sonata. When it ends—if it shall ever end—Esther will be far beyond the reach of the wicked vow made by the musician of Augsburg.

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PETER RUGG.

BUSINESS called me to Boston in the summer of 1820. Learning that every seat in the stage was engaged, I accepted a seat with the driver, who civilly offered me that accommodation, and soon found him intelligent and communicative. When we had traveled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, as flat as a hare's. Said the driver, "Do you observe the ears of all the horses? They see the storm breeder, and we shall see him soon." At this moment there was not a cloud in the firmament. Soon a small speck appeared in the road. "There," said my companion, "comes the storm breeder; he always leaves a Scotch mist behind him. By many a wet jacket do I remember him. I suppose the poor fellow suffers much himself, much more than is known to the world." Presently a man with a child beside him, with a large black horse, and a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise body, passed in great haste, apparently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He seemed to grasp the reins of his horse with firmness, and appeared to anticipate his speed. He seemed dejected, and looked anxiously at the passengers, particularly at the stage driver and myself. In a moment after he passed us, the horse's ears were up, and bent themselves forward so that they nearly met. "Who is that man?" said I, "he seems in great trouble." "Nobody knows who he is, but his person and the child are

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familiar to me. I have met him more than a hundred times, and have been so often asked the way to Boston by that man, even when he was traveling directly from that town, that of late I have refused any communication with him; and that is the reason he gave me such a fixed look." "But does he never stop any where?" "I have never known him to stop any where, longer than to inquire the way to Boston; and let him be where he may, he will tell you he cannot stay a moment, for he must reach Boston that night."

We were now ascending a high hill in Walpole; and as we had a fair view of the heavens, I was rather disposed to jeer the driver, as not a cloud as big as a marble could be discerned. "Do you look," said he, "in the direction whence the man came, that is the place to look; the storm never meets him, it follows him." We presently approached another hill, and when at the height, the driver pointed out in an eastern direction a little black speck about as big as a hat. "There," said he, "is the seed storm; we may possibly reach Polley's before it reaches us, but the wanderer and his child will go to Providence through rain, thunder and lightning."

And now the horses, as though taught by instinct, hastened with increased speed. The little black cloud came on rolling over the turnpike, and doubled and trebled itself in all directions. The appearance of this cloud attracted the notice of all the passengers; for after it had spread itself to a great bulk, it suddenly became more limited in circumference, grew more compact, dark and consolidated. And now the successive flashes of chain lightning

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caused the whole cloud to appear like a sort of irregular net work, and displayed a thousand fantastic images. Just as we reached Polley's tavern the rain poured down in torrents. It was soon over, the cloud passing in the direction of the turnpike towards Providence. In a few moments after a respectable looking man in a chaise stopped at the door. The man and the child in the chair having excited some little sympathy among the passengers, the gentleman was asked if he had observed them. He said he had met them, that the man seemed bewildered, and inquired the way to Boston; that he was driving at great speed, as though he expected to outstrip the tempest; that the moment he had passed him, a thunder clap broke distinctly over the man's head, and seemed to envelop both man and child, horse and carriage. "I stopped," said the gentleman, "supposing the lightning had struck him, but the horse only seemed to loom up and increase his speed, and as well as I could judge he traveled just as fast as the thunder cloud."

While this man was speaking, a pedler, with a cart of tin merchandise came up, all dripping; and, on being questioned, he said he had met that man and carriage, within a fortnight, in four different states; that at each time he had inquired the way to Boston, and that a thunder shower, like the present had each time deluged his wagon and setting his tinwares afloat, so that he had determined to get marine insurance done for the future. But that which excited his surprise most, was the strange conduct of his horse, for that long before he could distinguish the man in the chair, his own horse stood still in the road, and flung back his ears. "In short," said

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the pedler, "I wish never to see that man and horse again; they do not look to me as though they belonged to this world."

The occurrence would have become with me, like one of those things which had never happened, had I not, as I stood recently on the door-step of Bennett's hotel in Hartford, heard a man say, "there goes Peter Rugg and his child! he looks wet and weary, and farther from Boston than ever." I was satisfied it was the same man I had seen more than three years before; for whoever has once seen Peter Rugg can never after be deceived as to his identity. "Peter Rugg!" said I, "and who is Peter Rugg?" "That," said the stranger, "is more than any one can tell exactly. He is a famous traveler, held in light esteem by all innholders, for he never stops to eat, drink, or sleep. I wonder why the government do not employ him to carry the mail." "Aye," said a bystander, "that is a thought bright only on one side; how long would it take in that case to send a letter to Boston, for Peter has already, to my knowledge, been more than twenty years traveling to that place?" "But," said I, "does the man never stop any where; does he never converse with any one?" "Those who know the most respecting that man," said the stranger, "say the least. I have heard it asserted that heaven sometimes sets a mark on a man, either for judgment or a trial. He looks as though he never ate, drank or slept; and his child looks older than himself, and he looks like time broke off from eternity, and anxious to gain a resting place." "And how does his horse look?" said I. "As for his horse, he looks fatter and gayer, and shows more animation and courage, than he did

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twenty years ago. The last time Rugg spoke to me he inquired how far it was to Boston. I told him just one hundred miles." "Why," said he, "how can you deceive me so? it is cruel to mislead a traveler. I have lost my way; pray direct me the nearest way to Boston." I repeated it was one hundred miles. "How can you say so?" said he, "I was told last evening it was but fifty, and I have traveled all night." "But," said I, "you are now traveling from Boston. You must turn back." "Alas," said he, "it is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. One man tells me it is to the east, another to the west; and the guide posts too, they all point the wrong way." "But will you not stop and rest?" said I, "you seem wet and weary." "Yes," said he, "it has been foul weather since I left home." "Stop then, and refresh yourself." "I must not stop, I must reach home to-night if possible; though I think you must be mistaken in the distance to Boston." He then gave the reins to his horse, which he restrained with difficulty, and disappeared in a moment.

A few days afterwards I met the man a little this side of Claremont, winding around the hills in Unity at the rate, I believe of twelve miles an hour. * *

I had resolved to speak to him. Accordingly I stepped into the street, and as the horse approached, I made a feint of stopping him. The man immediately reined in his horse. "Sir," said I, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are not Mr. Rugg? for I think I have seen you before." "My name is Peter Rugg," said he, "I have unfortunately lost my way; I am wet and weary, and will take it kindly of you to direct me to Boston." "You live in

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Boston, do you, and in what street?" "In Middle street." "When did you leave Boston?" "I cannot tell precisely; it seems a considerable time." "But how did you and your child become so wet? it has not rained here to-day." "It has just rained a heavy shower up the river. But I shall not reach Boston to-night if I tarry. Would you advise me to take the old road, or the turnpike?" "Why the old road is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the turnpike is ninety-seven." "How can you say so? you impose on me; it is wrong to trifle with a traveler; you know it is but forty miles from Newburyport to Boston." "But this is not Newburyport; this is Hartford." "Do not deceive me, sir. Is not this town Newburyport, and the river that I have been following, the Merrimac?" "No, sir, this is Hartford, and the river, the Connecticut." He wrung his hands and looked incredulous. "Have the rivers, too, changed their courses, as the cities have changed places? But see, the clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night. Ah, that fatal oath!" He would tarry no longer, his impatient horse leaped off, his hind flanks rising like wings, he seemed to devour all before him, and to scorn all behind.

I had now, as I thought, discovered a clue to the history of Peter Rugg, and I determined, the next time my business called me to Boston, to make further inquiry. Soon after, I was enabled to collect the following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle street, who has resided in Boston during the last twenty years. Her narration is this: "The last summer, a person, just at twilight, stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft,

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on coming to the door, perceived a stranger with a child by his side, in an old weather-beaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg, and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died in a good old age, more than twenty years before that time. The stranger replied, 'how can you deceive me so? do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door.' 'Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here these nineteen years; no one lives here but myself, and my name is Betsey Croft.' The stranger paused and looked up and down the street, and said, 'though the painting is rather faded, this looks like my house.' 'Yes,' said the child, 'that is the stone before the door, that I used to sit on to eat my bread and milk.' 'But,' said the stranger, 'it seems to be on the wrong side of the street. Indeed everything here seems to be misplaced. The streets are all changed, the people are all changed, the town seems changed, and what is strangest of all, Catharine Rugg has deserted her husband and child.' 'Pray,' continued the stranger, 'has John Foy come home from sea? he went a long voyage, he is my kinsman. If I could see him, he could give me some account of Mrs. Rugg.' 'Sir,' said Mrs. Croft, 'I never heard of John Foy. Where did he live?' 'Just above here, in Orange Tree lane.' 'There is no such place in this neighborhood.' 'What do you tell me! are the streets gone? Orange Tree lane is at the head of Hanover street, near Pemberton's hill.' 'There is no such lane now.' 'Madam! you cannot be serious. But you doubtless know my brother William Rugg. He lives in Royal Exchange lane, near King street.' 'I know of no such lane; and I am sure there is no such street as King street in this

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town.' 'No such street as King street? Why, woman! you mock me. You may as well tell me there is no king George. However, madam, you see I am wet and weary, I must find a resting place. I will go to Hart's tavern, near the market.' 'Which market, sir? for you seem perplexed; we have several markets.' 'You know there is but one market near the town dock.' 'O, the old market, but no such person has kept there these twenty years.' Here the stranger seemed disconcerted, and uttered to himself quite audibly, 'strange mistake, how much this looks like the town of Boston! It certainly has a great resemblance to it; but I perceive my mistake now. Some other Mrs. Rugg, some other Middle street.' 'Then,' said he, 'madam, can you direct me to Boston?' 'Why this is Boston, the city of Boston, I know of no other Boston.' 'City of Boston it may be; but it is not the Boston where I live. I recollect now, I came over a bridge instead of a ferry. Pray what bridge is that I just came over?' 'It is Charles river bridge.' 'I perceive my mistake, there is a ferry between Boston and Charlestown, there is no bridge. Ah, I perceive my mistake, if I was in Boston my horse would carry me directly to my own door. But my horse shows, by his impatience that he is in a strange place. Absurd that I should have mistaken this place for the old town* of Boston! it is a much finer city than the town of Boston. It has been built long since Boston. I fancy it must lie at a distance from this city, as the good woman seems ignorant of it.' At these words his horse began to chafe, and

* Boston was not incorporated as a *city* till 1822.

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strike the pavement with his fore feet; the stranger seemed a little bewildered, and said 'no home to-night,' and giving the reins to his horse, passed up the street, and I saw no more of him."

This was all the account of Peter Rugg I could obtain from Mrs. Croft; but she directed me to an elderly man, Mr. James Felt, who lived near her, and who had kept a record of the principal occurrences for the last fifty years. At my request, she sent for him; and, after I had related to him the object of my inquiry, Mr. Felt told me he had known Rugg in his youth; that his disappearance had caused some surprise; but as it often happens that men run away, sometimes to be rid of others, and sometimes to be rid of themselves; and Rugg took his child with him, and his own horse and chair; and as it did not appear that any creditors made a stir, the occurrences soon mingled itself in the stream of oblivion; and Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten. "It is true," said Mr. Felt, "sundry stories grew out of Rugg's affair, whether true or false I cannot tell; but stranger things have happened in my day, without even a newspaper notice." "Sir," said I, "Peter Rugg is now living. I have lately seen him and his child, horse and chair; therefore, I pray you to relate to me all you know or ever heard of him." "Why, my friend," said James Felt, "that Peter Rugg is now a living man I will not deny; but that you have seen him and his child is impossible, if you mean a small child, for Jenny Rugg, if living, must be at least—let me see—Boston massacre, 1770—Jenny Rugg was about ten years old. Why, sir, Jenny Rugg, if living, must be more than sixty years of age. That

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Peter Rugg is living is highly probable, as he was only ten years older than myself; and I was only eighty last March; and I am as likely to live twenty years longer as any man."

Here I perceived that Mr. Felt was in his dotage, and I despaired of gaining any intelligence from him, on which I could depend. If Peter Rugg, thought I, has been traveling since the Boston massacre, there is no reason why he should not travel to the end of time. If the present generation know little of him, the next will know less, and Peter and his child will have no hold on this world. In the course of the evening, I related my adventures in Middle street. "Ha!" said one of the company, smiling, "do you really think you have seen Peter Rugg? I have heard my grandfather speak of him, as though he seriously believed his own story." "Sir," said I, "pray let us compare your grandfather's story of Mr. Rugg, with my own." "Peter Rugg, sir, if my grandfather was worthy of credit, once lived in Middle street, in this city. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, had a wife and one daughter, and was generally esteemed for his sober life and manners. But, unhappily, his temper, at times, was altogether ungovernable, and then his language was terrible. In these fits of passion, if a door stood in his way, he would never do less than kick a panel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head, and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle; and thus in a rage, he was the first who performed a somerset, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. While these fits were on him, Rugg had no respect for heaven or earth. Ex-

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cept this infirmity, all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of a man; for when his fits were over, nobody was so ready to commend a placid temper as Peter. It was late in autumn, one morning, that Rugg in his own chair, with a fine large bay horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return, a violent storm overtook him. At dark, he stopped in Menotomy (now West Cambridge), at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry the night. On Rugg's declining to stop, Mr. Cutter urged him vehemently. 'Why, Mr. Rugg,' said Cutter, 'the storm is overwhelming you; the night is exceeding dark; your little daughter will perish; you are in an open chair, and the tempest is increasing.' '*Let the storm increase,*' said Rugg, with a fearful oath, '*I will see home to-night, in spite of the last tempest! or may I never see home.*' At these words, he gave his whip to his high spirited horse, and disappeared in a moment.

"But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, nor the next; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced beyond Mr. Cutter's in Menotomy. For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night, the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip, and the fleet tread of a horse, and the rattling of a carriage, passing her door. The neighbors, too, heard the same noises, and some said they knew it was Rugg's horse; the tread on the pavement was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly, that at length the neighbors watched with lanterns, and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair, and child sitting beside him, pass directly before his own door, his head turned towards his

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house, and himself making every effort to stop his horse, but in vain. The next day, the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and stable in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him; though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's horse and carriage over the pavements shook the houses on both sides of the street. However, Rugg's neighbors never afterwards watched; some of them treated it all as a delusion, and thought no more of it. Others, of a different opinion, shook their heads and said nothing.

"Thus, Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten; and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject. There was indeed a rumor, that Rugg afterwards was seen in Connecticut, between Suffield and Hartford, passing through the country like a streak of chalk. This gave occasion to Rugg's friends to make further inquiry. But the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut—the next, they heard of him winding round the hills in New Hampshire; and soon after, a man in a chair, with a small child, exactly answering the description of Peter Rugg, would be seen in Rhode Island, inquiring the way to Boston. But that which chiefly gave a color of mystery to the story of Peter Rugg, was the affair at Charlestown bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes, on the darkest, and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned, about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel car-

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riage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently, that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery. Soon after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown square. The toll-gatherer, prepared, took his stand as near the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand. As the appearance passed, he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing, except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge. The toll-gatherer, on the next day, asserted that the stool went directly through the body of the horse; and he persisted in that belief ever after.

"Whether Rugg, or whoever the person was, ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell—and when questioned seemed anxious to waive the subject. And thus Peter Rugg and his child, horse and carriage, remain a mystery to this day." As all this happened more than forty years ago, and nothing has been heard of Peter Rugg in all that time, it is fair to infer that his wanderings have ceased, and himself, child, horse and chair, have totally disappeared.

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THE FLY-MAKER.

IT was towards the close of a hot day in the remarkable summer of '93, that Major Nicholas Veazie, landlord of a public house in the village of Coonsbury, sat puffing in his arm-chair, nearly eaten up by green-headed flies. He was a thick-set, hard-breathing little man, somewhat inclined to corpulency, who did nothing but doze and gape from one year's end to another. To be sure, the Blue Griffin was not overburthened with travelers, but this was a circumstance unregarded by the major, so long as he was allowed to slumber in peace. He was naturally a patient, phlegmatical personage, but in the depth of summer, when the thermometer was at 90 in the shade, and there was not sufficient air abroad to fill the sails of a gossamer, and especially when the flies nearly picked the flesh from his bones, he was apt to grow somewhat querulous. Such was the condition of his mind at the commencement of our story. He had sweltered in his chair for more than an hour, but to sleep—as well might a fish sleep on a heated gridiron, with a scullion sprinkling him over with salt! It was a wretched situation, and Veazie could hold out no longer. "Blast the flies, and the hag that makes them," said he, springing up and dislodging a blue-bottle; and proceeding to the bar, he helped himself to a composing draught.

While mine host is drinking his liquor, we would inform the reader that just on the skirts of Coonsbury, in a grove of savins and barberry bushes,

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stood the solitary hut of one Becky Mullen. She was a grizzly old crone, of most fantastic appearance, that hovered about the village in hot weather like a dusty miller round a candle. For a time people were extremely puzzled what to make of her. She pretended to live by drying herbs and distilling rose-water, but this tale was generally discredited. It was remarked that she regularly disappeared when the cold weather set in at autumn, and was not again heard of till the swallows twittered about the eaves of the cottages, and the hum of the summer insects was heard in the land. She would then suddenly reappear near her hut, like a person very busy in some secret employment; what it was, no one could imagine, although from the lights in her house it was thought she labored at it the greater part of the night. But time unfolded the mystery. It was whispered one day, in the bar-room of the Blue Griffin, that Becky Mullen was employed by the Old Scratch to manufacture blue-headed flies. No sooner was the idea suggested than all present were convinced of its accuracy. The swamp beyond her hut was always thronged with hornets, musquitoes and devil's needles; no green-headed flies had ever been seen in the place before she settled in it; people who passed her dwelling in the evening, had conceived they heard a strange humming noise in the surrounding bushes; and, moreover, Deacon Rosebug averred that he had that very day knocked an enormous horse-fly from the back of his white pony, which flew off in a straight line towards Becky Mullen's.

The fact, however, was soon after established beyond doubt, by a swearing fellow named Muggins,

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who affirmed with a shocking oath, that he once went into her hut when she was out, and saw a wash-tub full of horse-flies and devil's needles without any legs or wings; "and there was one green-headed fly," said he, "as large as a hornbug, with his head in a vise, all finished except screwing on his bill. Dang me, if it did not make my blood run cold!" Thus Becky Mullen became notorious as the devil's fly-maker all over the country, and summer after summer continued to torment the innocent villagers of Coonsbury.

But Major Veazie had acquired the particular ill-will of the old hag, by refusing to arise from his chair to sell her a glass of gin. She vowed to be revenged on him, and ever since his house had been a general rendezvous for insects of every kind. "However, the devil will have her at last," said mine host, as he set down the glass, and returned to his seat by the window, "there is some comfort in that, anyhow!" and throwing a bandanna over his bald head to protect it from the flies, he again made the most persevering efforts to sleep.

And now the day grew near its termination. Nature, as if weary with protracted exertion, seemed gradually sinking to a voluptuous repose. The sun no longer beat fiercely down on the parched earth, but enveloped in a smoky vapor gave to the atmosphere a thick and stove-like heat. Not a breath of air was stirring. The toad puffed out his sides with great difficulty in his close retreat, and the asthmatic grasshopper wheezed faintly amongst the grass. A few cows stood mid-leg in the cool waters of the Punkapog, munching like tobacco-chewers, and lazily fanning themselves with their tails; and

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no sound was heard save the creaking of a gossipping tea table as it rubbed along the floor to the centre of the room. Mine host was aware that his hour of rest had at last arrived. He could distinctly feel a refreshing snooze stealing sweetly over his senses, like the ripple of a summer breeze along the motionless sea. The whizzing of the flies became fainter on his ear, and finally ceased. A moment after he recovered his consciousness, and was amazed to find, by the dryness of his throat, how long he had slept. Hastily removing the handkerchief from his face, he cast his eyes towards the west and beheld the last streaks of sunlight fading from the horizon, when bustling into the kitchen he soon dispatched his evening meal and was again at his seat to recruit after the fatigue.

As the shades of evening grew deep and deeper, the villagers in their thin summer jackets flocked into the Blue Griffin to converse on the marvels of the day. Here sat a swaggering, bull-necked fellow, who, if you would believe him, was the richest man in the whole world; there leaned a rosy-gilled bachelor of sixty-four, who had never ventured out of the sight of his father's chimney during his long and useless life. That arm chair contained a worthy lawyer, who hum-ed and haa-ed and hesitated at every question; and in this sat Deacon Rosebug, the horse doctor and apothecary. Close by was the tailor frowning at a hard drawing long nine, and beside him stood a bandy-legged shoemaker, who was eternally complaining of the wickedness of mankind.

"Warm times we have, neighbor Veazie," grunted the pursy bachelor, wiping his forehead with his sleeve.

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"I never perspired so much in my born days," added a small white headed man in a piping tone. "I swaggers, my bench got so hot this afternoon that I was nearly dried to a cinder."

"How remarkable plenty the flies are to-night, Deacon Rosebug."

"So I was going to observe. They nip like biting turtles! I don't wonder the major sits uneasy."

"What a heartless wretch Beck Mullen must be," exclaimed the man in gingham, "to persecute him in this manner!"

"But I won't put up with it a day longer!" cried the major. "I will complain to the select men, and they shall rout her."

"But, major, they can't drive her. She has the law on her side and the devil too, which, I take it, Squire Summons, is about the same thing?"

"Why—ahem—aha—the—hum—m"—

"What is permitted can not be gainsayed," interrupted the shoemaker, "if so be as she is placed here for a judgment on this sinful world, she won't go without———"

"But she *shall* go," said the major in a passion. "I won't feast any body's flies, damme!"

This magnanimous resolution was succeeded by a dead silence, which was only broken by a heavy rumbling sound in the distance. "Was that thunder?" enquired the tailor in a quavering tone. Deacon Rosebug stepped to the door. "There's the blackest cloud I ever saw driving towards us from the west. I thought this weather would bring up a shower." He had scarcely ceased speaking, when a flash of lightning gleamed through the windows

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and filled the room with the light of day. Again the heavy rumbling was heard louder and nearer, and it continued to increase until the whole party, in alarm, crowded to the door. Suddenly a carriage whirled round a corner of the road, with a tremendous noise, and drove rapidly towards the inn. The darkness prevented them distinguishing anything but two advancing balls of fire, and they concluded it was some stage, which had lit up its lamps and was hurrying on to avoid the storm. But before they could express an opinion, the vehicle drove up like lightning and stopped short at the door-step. A sight then met their eyes which made them ache with terror. Two enormous pepper and salt horses stood reeking with foam and gasping for breath, while myriads of flies hovered around, and settled in clouds upon them. In a light chair to which they were fixed, *a la tandem*, sat a tall figure, the like of which was unknown to mortal vision. He had the air of a gigantic horse-fly, masquerading in the guise of a sophomore, and was probably the King Fly of the world. His large goggle eyes protruded from their sockets like a lobster's, and burned like a living coal, so as to illuminate the whole vicinity; his nose was of prodigious length, resembling in shape the bill of a horse-fly; and a tremendous pair of yellow whiskers garnished his throat and chin, and proceeded up his temples until they met a white hat turned out with green, which was cocked on one side of his head. The remainder of his dress consisted of a light coat with long skirts, which hung about him like the wings of a wasp, a buff vest, and a pair of bottle green small clothes encasing long slender limbs which projected out-

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wards like the hind legs of a grasshopper. Leaping from his seat he proceeded straight to the bar-room, whither the whole party had retreated.

"Give me some drink," he cried, in the buzzing tone of a hornbug, at the same time cracking his whip till all rang again.

A jug of Hollands was eagerly handed him by mine host, who had taken refuge behind the grating of the bar. The stranger emptied it at a draught, and spitefully tossed the jug at mine host's head, who dodged and fell backward into a barrel cover filled with treacle to catch flies. "And now," exclaimed he, snapping his eyes till they glowed like a furnace, "and now for old aunt Beck." Springing into his chair, he cracked his whip and vanished in the smoke of it.

Before the major had scrambled out of his fly-trap, or his companions had recovered the use of speech, the whole village was paralyzed by a tremendous crash, which shook the buildings to their foundations, and filled the air with liquid fire. For a moment it seemed as if the earth was rent asunder and its internal fires were bursting up the crevice.

When they recovered from the shock, the whole population peeped out from their retreats with fear and doubt. A few light clouds were scudding distractedly athwart the sky, and there arose on the breeze a deep and busy hum of insects, like unto the swarming of a thousand hives; but gradually it died away and all was still.

The next morning the sun shone merrily through a pure and serene atmosphere, and the villagers, on venturing out of doors, found every thing as usual save the dwelling of Becky Mullen, which was razed

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to the ground. As for the Fly Maker, she was heard of no more for many years, and Deacon Rosebug was certain she had departed to a state of everlasting torment. Nevertheless, she was at length discovered in a fashionable slop shop at the north end of Boston, and some credulous people affected to believe that the wonderful apparition of the King Fly was no other than her dashing nephew, Mordecai Mullen, the tailor.

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THE CORK LEG.

HE who has been at Rotterdam, will remember a house of two stories, which stands in the suburbs, just adjoining the basin of that canal that runs between the city and the Hague, Leyden and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him, as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced,—to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within the hearing of the croaking of a frog. It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present anything to do; it is with the old gentleman her father. His profession was that of a surgical instrument maker; but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary an appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds; and however desperate the case might be, were very soon, as the vulgar saying is, "set upon their legs."

Many a cripple, who had looked upon the deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional sly hit at providence, for having entrusted his making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted—so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort, that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was

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not, on the whole, superior to a mere commonplace troublesome one of flesh and blood. And in good sooth, if you had seen how handsome and delicate were the *understandings* fashioned by this skillful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself: the more especially if in your real toes, you were ever tormented with the gout or corns.

One morning just as Master Turningvort was giving its final smoothness and polish to a calf and ancle, a messenger entered his *studio* (to speak classically,) and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam; so that the artist put on his best wig, and set forth, with his three cornered hat in one hand, and his silver headed stick in the other.

It so happened that Myndeer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors; but in endeavoring to hasten the poor wretch's progress down stairs, by a slight impulse, *a posterior* (for he seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations), he had unfortunately lost his balance; and tumbling headlong from top to bottom, he found on recovering his senses, that he had broken his leg, and that he was *minus* three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to jail, on account of some unpaid debt; leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection, that his wife and children were starving at home.

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A dentist soon supplied the invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head, at the rate of ten stuivers a piece, for which he prudently charged the rich merchant twenty guineas.

The doctor upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was just then in want of a subject, cut it carefully off and took it away with him in his carriage, to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Mynheer Von Wodenblock, aware that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk, and not to hop, and being perhaps somewhat prejudiced in favor of the former mode of action, sent to our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give directions about the substitute with which he wished to be supplied in the place of his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch with his left leg looking as respectable as ever; but with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious of its own littleness.

"Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune, it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion—but let it pass. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, sir, you ever made in your life." Turningvort bowed. "I do not care what it costs"—Turningvort bowed yet lower—"provided it outdoes every thing you have ever yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic, and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions, but this I am determined on, that I shall have a leg as good as the

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one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had; and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas."

The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Mynheer Von Wodenblock he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before; and undertook to bring him within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative, as well as practical sense; and there was a favorite discovery which he had long been endeavoring to make, and in accomplishing which he very truly imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection, to consist on its being apparently impossible to introduce into them anything in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanical construction at the knee and ancle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavoring to obviate this great inconvenience; and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than any body else, it was not till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution, was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with his magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artisan again made

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his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkling in Turningvort's grey eye, which seemed to indicate that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality, of which he was at length so sure. He untied the precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher, the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve.

The evening wore away in these discussions, concerning wheels within wheels and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and at his employer's request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the remainder of the night, in order that next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early the next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed; and Mynheer Von Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstacy, blessing the inventive powers of one, who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed, indeed, to act to his admiration. In the merchant's mode of walking there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint—all the joints performed their office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was anything uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clockwork, under the full, well slashed pantaloons of the substantial looking

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Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion, occasioned by the rapid whirling of twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not in all respects as he used to be, before he had lifted his right foot to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits, till he came in sight of the Stadt House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that led up to the principal door he saw his old friend Mynheer Vanoutern, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each other, by way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friendly embrace. At last the merchant reached the spot where Vanoutern stood; but what was this man's astonishment to see him, though he held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping even to say "How do you do?" Yet so it was; but was no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power to determine either when, where, or how, his leg was to move. As long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his own tacit compliance with its independent, and apparently self-acting powers, for a command over it which he found that he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop and speak with Mynheer Vanoutern; but his leg moved on, and he was under the necessity of following it.

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Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of rails, walls and houses; but his leg tugged so violently that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy, as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers, which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves; of this, however, he could as yet discover no symptoms.

He happened to be in the direction of the Leyden canal, and when he came in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face of wonder.

"Rascal!" cried Wodenblock, "come out to me this instant! You have made me a leg with a vengeance! It wont stand still for a moment! I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my house; unless you stop me yourself, heaven knows how much farther I may walk. Don't stand gaping there, but come out and relieve me or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me."

The mechanician grew very pale; he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment however, in following the merchant, to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament. The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick; and Turningvort being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him. He did so, at last, nevertheless, and catching him in his arms, lifted him

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entirely from the ground. But the stratagem, (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him along with his burthen, at the same rate as before. He set him, therefore, down again; and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the Mynheer Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow; calling out in the most piteous accents, "I am lost! I am lost! I am possessed by the devil in the shape of a cork leg! stop me; for Heaven's sake stop me! I am breathless! I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces! Turningvort! Turningvort! you have murdered me."

The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied. Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees; clasping his hands and with strained and staring eye balls, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal, towards Leyden, and bellowing as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsnider, who were sitting at their parlor window, immediately opposite the Golden Lion, drinking tea and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but without turning either to the right or to the left, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Mynheer Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

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Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were going to church in their best attire, to say their prayers and hear the great organ, when a being rushed across the market place, like an animated

corpse—white, blue, cold and speechless; his eyes fixed, his lips livid, his teeth set and his hands clenched. Everyone cleared away from it, in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem who did not believe it a dead body endowed with the

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power of motion. On it went, through village or town towards the great wilds and forests of Germany.

Weeks, months, years passed on; but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, however, which he, who was once Mynheer Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh too has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton,—a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still in all its original rotundity and size continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging wearied bones forever and forever over the earth.

May all good saints protect us from such broken legs; and may there never appear a mechanician like Turningvort to supply us with cork substitutes, of so awful and mysterious a power!

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CLOUGH NA CUDDY.

BOVE all the islands in lake Killarney, give me Innisfallen—"sweet Innisfallen," as the melodious Moore calls it. It is in truth a fairy isle, although I have no fairy story to tell you about it; and if I had, these are such unbelieving times, and people of late have grown so skeptical, that they only smile at my stories and doubt them. However, none will doubt that a monastery once stood upon Innisfallen island, for its ruins may still be seen; neither, that within its walls dwelt certain pious and learned persons called monks. A very pleasant set of fellows they were, I make not the smallest doubt; and I am sure of this, that they had a very pleasant spot to enjoy themselves in after dinner, the proper time, believe me, and I am no bad judge of such matters, for the enjoyment of a fine prospect.

Out of all the monks you could not pick a better fellow nor a merrier soul than Father Cuddy; he sang a good song, he told a good story, and had a jolly, comfortable-looking paunch of his own that was a credit to any refectory table. He was distin-

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guished above all the rest by the name of the fat Father. Now there are many that will take huff at a name; but Father Cuddy had no nonsense of that kind about him; he laughed at it, and well able he was to laugh, for his mouth nearly reached from one ear to the other; his might, in truth, be called an open countenance. As his paunch was no disgrace to his food, neither was his nose to his drink. 'Tis a question to me if there were not more carbuncles upon it than ever were seen at the bottom of the lake, which is said to be full of them. His eyes had a right merry twinkle in them, like moonshine dancing on the water, and his cheeks had the roundness and crimson glow of ripe arbutus berries.

> He ate, and drank, and prayed, and slept—what then?
> He ate, and drank, and prayed, and slept again.

Such was the tenor of his simple life; but when he prayed a certain drowsiness would come upon him, which it must be confessed never occurred when a well filled "black-jack" stood before him. Hence his prayers were short, and his draughts were long. The world loved him, and he saw no reason why he should not in return love its venison and its usquebaugh. But, as times went, he must have been a pious man, or else what befel him never would have happened.

Spiritual affairs—for it was respecting the importation of a ton of wine into the island monastery, demanded the presence of one of the brotherhood of Innisfallen at the Abbey of Irelagh, now called Muckruss. The superintendence of this important matter was committed to Father Cuddy, who felt too

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deeply interested in the future welfare of any community of which he was a member to neglect or delay such mission. With the morning's light he was seen guiding his shallop across the crimson waters of the lake towards the peninsula of Muckruss, and having moored his little bark in safety beneath the shelter of a wave-worn rock, he advanced with becoming dignity towards the abbey. The stillness of the bright and balmy hour was broken by the heavy footsteps of the zealous father: at the sound the startled deer, shaking the dew from their sides, sprang up from their lair, and as they bounded off—"Hah," exclaimed Cuddy, "what a noble haunch goes there! how delicious it would look smoking upon a goodly platter." As he proceeded, the mountain bee hummed his tune of gladness around the holy man, save when buried in the foxglove bell, or revelling upon a fragrant bunch of thyme—and even then, the little voice murmured out happiness in low and broken tones of voluptuous delight. Father Cuddy derived no small comfort from the sound, for it presaged a good metheglin season; and metheglin he considered, if well manufactured, to be no bad liquor, particularly when there was no stint of usquebaugh in the brewing.

Arrived within the abbey garth, he was received with due respect by the brethren of Irelagh, and arrangements for the embarkation of the wine were completed to his entire satisfaction. "Welcome, Father Cuddy!" said the prior, "grace be on you." "Grace before meat then," said Cuddy, "for a long walk always makes me hungry, and I am certain I have not walked less than half a mile this morning, to say nothing of crossing the water." A pasty of

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choice flavor felt the truth of this assertion as regarded Father Cuddy's appetite. After such consoling repast, it would have been a reflection on monastic hospitality to have departed without partaking of the grace-cup: moreover, Father Cuddy had a particular respect for the antiquity of that custom. He liked the taste of the grace-cup well; he tried another, it was no less excellent; and when he had swallowed the third he found his heart expand, and put forth its fibres, as willing to embrace all mankind! Surely then there is brotherly love and charity in wine.

I said he sung a good song. Now though psalms are good songs, and in accordance with his vocation, I did not mean to imply that he was a mere psalm-singer. It was well known to the brethren, that wherever Father Cuddy was, mirth and melody were with him. Mirth in his eye, and melody on his tongue; and these, from experience, are equally well known to be thirsty commodities; but he took good care never to let them run dry. To please the brotherhood, whose excellent wine pleased him, he sung, and as *in vino veritas*, his song will well become this veritable history.

"Quam pulchra sunt ova
Cum alba et nova
In stabulo scite leguntur:
Et a Margery bella
Quæ festiva puella!
Lardi pinguis cum frustis coquuntur.

"Ut belles in prato
Aprico et lato
Sub sole tam læte renident,
Ova tosta in mensa,
Mappa bene extensa
Nitidissima lance considerent."

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O 'tis eggs are a treat
When so white and so sweet
From under the manger they're taken;
And by fair Margery,
Och! 'tis she's full of glee,
They are fried with fat rashers of bacon.

Just like daisies all spread
O'er a broad sunny mead
In the sun-beams so beauteously shining,
Are fried eggs, well displayed
On a dish when we've laid
The cloth, and are thinking of dining.

Such was his song. Father Cuddy smacked his lips at the recollection of Margery's delicious fried eggs, which always imparted a peculiar relish to his liquor. The very idea provoked Cuddy to raise the cup to his mouth, and with one hearty pull thereat, he finished its contents. This is, and ever was, a censorious world, often construing what is only a fair allowance into an excess; but I scorn to reckon up any man's drink like an unrelenting host; therefore, I cannot tell how many brimming draughts of wine, bedecked with *the venerable Bede*, Father Cuddy emptied into his "soul-case," so he figuratively termed the body. His respect for the goodly company of the monks of Irelagh detained him until their adjournment to vespers, when he set forward on his return to Innisfallen. Whether his mind was occupied in philosophic contemplation or wrapped in pious musings, I cannot declare; but the honest father wandered on in a different direction from that in which his shallop lay. Far be it from me to insinuate that the good liquor, which he had so commended, had caused him to forget his road, or that his track was irregular and unsteady.

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Oh no!—he carried his drink bravely, as became a decent man and a good companion; yet, somehow, he thought he could distinguish two moons. "Bless my eyes," said Father Cuddy, "everything is changing now a days! the very stars are not in the same places they used to be; I think *Camceachta* (the plough) is driving on at a rate I never saw it before to-night, but I suppose the driver is drunk, for there are blackguards everywhere." Cuddy had scarcely uttered these words, when he saw, or fancied he saw, the form of a young woman; who, holding up a bottle, beckoned him towards her. The night was extremely beautiful, and the white dress of the girl floated gracefully in the moonlight, as with gay step she tripped on before the worthy father, archly looking back upon him over her shoulder. "Ah, Margery, merry Margery!" cried Cuddy, "you tempting little rogue—'*Et a Margery bella—Quæ festiva puella.*' I see you—I see you and the bottle! let me but catch you, Margery *bella*." And on he followed, panting and smiling, after this alluring apparition.

At length his feet grew weary, and his breath failed, which obliged him to give up the chase; yet such was his piety, that unwilling to rest in any attitude but that of prayer, down dropt Father Cuddy on his knees. Sleep as usual stole upon his devotions, and the morning was far advanced when he awoke from dreams, in which tables groaned beneath their loads of viands, and wine poured itself free and sparkling as the mountain spring. Rubbing his eyes, he looked about him, and the more he looked the more he wondered at the alterations which appeared in the face of the country, "Bless

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my soul and body," said the good father, "I saw the stars changing last night, but here is a change!" Doubting his senses he looked again. The hills bore the same majestic outline as on the preceding day, and the lake spread itself beneath his view in the same tranquil beauty, and was studded with the same number of islands, but every smaller feature in the landscape was strangely altered; what had been naked rocks, were now clothed with holly and arbutus. Whole woods had disappeared, and waste places had become cultivated fields; and to complete the work of enchantment the very season itself seemed changed. In the rosy dawn of a summer's morning he had left the monastery of Innisfallen, and he now felt in every sight and sound the dreariness of winter; the hard ground was covered with withered leaves; icicles depended from leafless branches; he heard the sweet low note of the robin who familiarly approached him, and he felt his fingers numbed by the nipping frost. Father Cuddy found it rather difficult to account for such sudden transformations, and to convince himself it was not the illusion of a dream, he was about to arise; when lo! he discovered that both his knees were buried at least six inches in the solid stone; for notwithstanding all these changes, he had never altered his devout position.

Cuddy was now wide awake, and felt, when he got up, his joints sadly cramped, which was only natural they should be, considering the hard texture of the stone, and the depth his knees had sunk into it. The great difficulty was, to explain how, in one night, summer had become winter, whole woods had been cut down, and well-grown trees had sprouted

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up. The miracle, nothing else, could he conclude it to be, urged him to hasten his return to Innisfallen, where he might learn some explanation of these marvellous events. Seeing a boat moored within reach of the shore, he delayed not, in the midst of such wonders, to seek his own bark, but, seizing the oars, pulled stoutly towards the island; and here new wonders awaited him. Father Cuddy waddled, as fast as cramped limbs could carry his rotund corporation, to the gate of the monastery, where he loudly demanded admittance. "Holloa! whence come you, master monk, and what's your business?" demanded a stranger who occupied the porter's place. "Business—my business!" repeated the confounded Cuddy, "why do you not know me? Has the wine arrived safely?" "Hence, fellow," said the porter's representative, in a surely tone, "nor think to impose on me with your monkish tales." "Fellow!" exclaimed the father, "mercy upon us that I should be so spoken to at the gate of my own house! Scoundrel!" cried Cuddy, raising his voice, "do you not see my garb—my holy garb?——" "Ay, fellow," replied he of the keys, "the garb of laziness, and filthy debauchery, which has been expelled from out these walls. Know you not, idle knave, of the suppression of this nest of superstition, and that the abbey lands and possessions were granted in August last to Master Robert Collan, by our Lady Elizabeth, sovereign queen of England, and paragon of all beauty, whom God preserve!" "Queen of England," said Cuddy, "there never was a sovereign queen of England; this is but a piece with the rest. I saw how it was going with the stars last night—

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the world's turned upside down. But surely this is Innisfallen island, and I am Father Cuddy who yesterday morning went over to the Abbey of Irelagh respecting the ton of wine. Do you know me now?" "Know you! how should I know you?" said the keeper of the abbey— "yet true it is, that I have heard my grandmother, whose mother remembered the man, often speak of the fat Father Cuddy of Innisfallen, who made a profane and godless ballad in praise of fried eggs, of which he and his vile crew knew more than they did of the word of God, and who, being drunk, it is said, tumbled into the lake one night and was drowned; but that must have been a hundred—ay, more than a hundred years since." "Twas I who composed that song, in praise of Margery's fried eggs, which is no profane and godless ballad. No other Father Cuddy than myself ever belonged to Innisfallen," earnestly exclaimed the holy man. "A hundred years! What was your great grandmother's name?" "She was a Mahony of Dunlow, Margaret ni Mahony; and my grandmother——" "What, merry Margery of Dunlow your great grandmother!" shouted Cuddy; "St. Brandon help me! the wicked wench, with that tempting bottle—why 'twas only last night—a hundred years—your great grandmother, said you? Mercy on us, there has been a strange torpor over me. I must have slept all this time."

That father Cuddy had done so I think sufficiently proved, by the changes which occurred during his nap. A reformation, and a serious one it was for him, had taken place. Eggs fried by the pretty Margery were no longer to be had in Innisfallen, and, with heart as heavy as his footsteps, the worthy

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man directed his course towards Dingle, where he embarked in a vessel on the point of sailing for Malaga. The rich wine of that place had of old impressed him with a high respect for its monastic establishments, in one of which he quietly wore out the remnant of his days. The stone impressed with the mark of Father Cuddy's knees may be seen to this day. Should any incredulous persons doubt my story, I request them to go to Killarney, where Clough na Cuddy—so is the stone called—remains in Lord Kenmare's park, an indisputable evidence of the fact; and Spillane, the bugle man, will be able to point it out to them, as he did to me.

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THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

IN the year 1571 there lived at Cologne a rich Burgomaster, whose wife Adelaide, then in the prime of youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and throughout her fatal illness the doting husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sunk under them. It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare with Rome. It seemed as if it wished to compensate by piety, the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agrippa. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students, and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days. The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter, one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas. In the sacristry an ivory rod is shown, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their sculls are visi-

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ble through an opening,—two being white, as belonging to Casper and Baltesar; the third black, for Melchoir. It is easy to be understood that these remarkable relics, rendered sacred by time, make a deep impression on the imagination; and that the three skulls, with their jewels and silver setting, are convincing proofs of genuineness to religious feelings, though a glance at history is sufficient to show their spuriousness. It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendor. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste,—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear,—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and with their mummy forms, offering a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was, in the present instance, given up; the place was full; and when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future. With heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting place. The turret bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying tapers, and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music desks in the choir.

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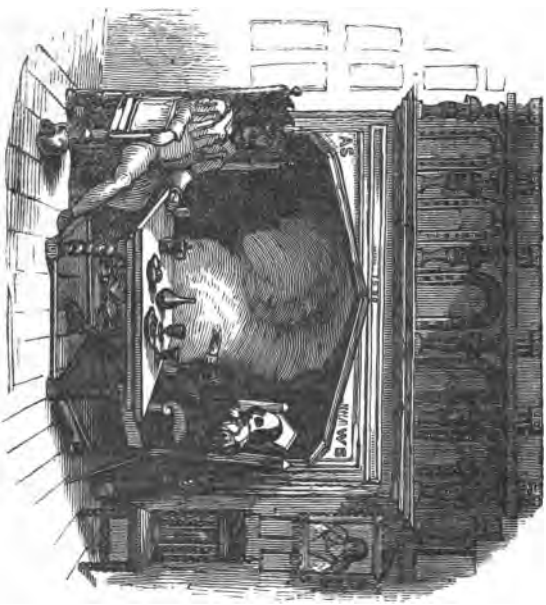

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But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a year, and shows the course of the planets, as well as the hour of day, was the only thing that ad sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening, when Peter Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man, who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by little Maria, who called out with great delight. "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork has been here and brought Maria a little brother!"—a piece of information more expected than agreeable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law, with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress he bethought himself of the Jew Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver; but now unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great

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patience—so much so, indeed, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favorable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed; the Jew, having heard him out, cooly replied, "that he could lend no moneys on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hard-heartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so thick and fast, that in a very short time, the house tops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market-place, and when he least expected such a thing, found himself in front of the cathedral. The great clock chimmed three-quarters: it wanted then a quarter of twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour? He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all their charity was likely to give. Suddenly a thought struck him like lightning; he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her; his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom: and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving; no, Heaven forbid! but for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quieting his conscience, as well as he could, with this opiate, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress wrought him up

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again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him; the earth seemed to shake from under him—it was the tottering of his own limbs; a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamp light flickered in the night wind. But still the thought of home drove him on; and even the badness of the weather carried this consolation with it, he was more likely to find the streets clear and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then taking heart, put the huge key in the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key, and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be seen by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion: and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of a man who had visited a church at midnight to show his courage. For a sign that he had really been there, he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but, in his hurry and trepidation, he stuck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropt down dead from terror. Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave; and as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed to him as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation

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supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long, narrow passage, with the dead heaped up on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim light of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun its work. A sickness seized him at the thought; and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eyes fixed on the coffin; when—was it real, or was it illusion?—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on the features. "If I had only time," he said to himself—"if I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies; they have lost that resemblance to life, which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones. It's all nonsense, though; one is as harmless as the other, and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it."

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass windows were secured inwardly with iron wire leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his imperfect implements, cost both time and labor. As the wood splintered and

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cracked under the heavy blows of the iron and the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place with its dark associations that had terrified him; now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him; and so strong had been the illusion, that when he found this was not the case he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, "Forgive me, dear lady, if I take from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—Oh, no—it is for my wife and children."

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spoke thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand to draw the ring from its finger; but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp! His hand was clutched, aye firmly clutched, though that rigid face and form lay there as fixed and motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light, which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not in his reckless hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil's Stone*, which lies in th

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middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the devil. Thus much is certain, it has fallen from the arch, and they show a hole above through which it is said to have been hurled. Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the turret-clock struck twelve, and immediately fell to the earth in a deathlike swoon.

The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the market-place to the burgomaster's house, where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was now sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under the circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last he opened the window and enquired who it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour?

"It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer.

"And who are you?" again asked Adolph.

"Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of utmost importance to discover to you."

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Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide
the sexton of the church where she was b
Adolph was immediately anxious to know some
more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-lig
hastened down stairs, and himself opened the
to Bolt.

"What have you to say to me?" he exclaim
"Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied
anxious sexton; "not here; we may be overhe
Adolph, though wondering at this affectat
mystery, motioned him in and closed the
when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, con
all that had happened. The anger of Adolp
mixed with compassion at the strange recita
could he refuse to Bolt the absolution whi
poor fellow deemed so essential to his futur
rity from the vengeance of the dead. At th
time he cautioned him to maintain a profound s
on the subject toward every one else, as othe
the sacrilege might be attended with serious c
quences—it not being likely that the ecclesia
to whom the judgment of such matters belon
would view his fault with equal indulgence.
even resolved to go himself to the church with B
that he might investigate the affair more thorough
But to this proposition the sexton gave a pron
and positive denial. "I would rather," he exclaim
I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than aga
disturb the repose of the dead."

This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolp
On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity
look more narrowly into this mysterious busines
on the other he could not help feeling compassio

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for the sexton, who, it was evident, was laboring under the influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a churchyard spectre. The burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of

"Do you fear the dead?"

Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living."

"Indeed!" said the burgomaster, "Do you think, then, that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?"

"In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans, "not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adolph.

"Yes, Mr. Burgomaster."

"Do you fear them?"

"No, Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds me up; and God is the strongest."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to-night; it seems to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple window."

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"I see how it is," answered Hans: "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man, be silent and follow me."

"If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without further opposition. Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps; but the old man, who went before to show the way, delayed him with his reflections, so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshold he stopt, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is the custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived. "That is an excellent custom," said Hans: "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed us simple men."

"Excellent!" replied Adolph; "but go on."

Hans, however, had too long been indulged in his odd wayward habits, to quicken his pace at this admonition. Not a monument would he pass without first stopping to examine it by the lantern light and requesting the burgomaster to explain its inscription. In short, he behaved like a traveler who was taking the opportunity of seeing the curiosities in the cathedral, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and during the

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period had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily. Adolph, who well knew that no representations would avail him, submitted patiently to the humors of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbed with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master; "I see nothing; hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man; "there sits our deceased lady on the altar, in a long white veil, and drinking out of the sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand he held up the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was indeed as he had said. There she sat with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church, and holding the silver goblet to her lips, with long bony arms wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver.

"Adelaide," he cried, "I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity to answer me—is it thy living self or but thy shadow?"

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"Ah," replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive, and, but for this wine I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear Adolph; I am no shadow—but soon shall be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succor."

"Go not near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One, that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you."

"Away, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar. It was indeed Adelaide, that he held in his eager embrace, the warm and living Adelaide—who had been buried for dead in her long trance; and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of The Sexton of Cologne.

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THE MAGICIAN'S VISITOR.

IT was at the close of a fine autumnal day, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather over the city of Florence, when a low quick rap was heard at the door of Cornelius Agrippa, and shortly afterwards a stranger was introduced into the apartment in which the philosopher was sitting at his studies. The stranger, although finely formed, and of courteous demeanor, had a certain indefinable air of mystery about him which ex-

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cited awe, if, indeed, it had not a repellant effect. His years it was difficult to guess, for the marks of youth and age were blended in his features in a most extraordinary manner. There was not a furrow in his cheek, or a wrinkle on his brow; and his large black eyes beamed with all the brilliancy and vivacity of youth; but his stately figure was bent, apparently beneath the weight of years; his hair, although thick and clustering, was grey; and his voice feeble and tremulous, yet its tones were of the most ravishing and soul-searching melody. His costume was that of a Florentine gentleman; but he held a staff like that of a palmer in his hand, and a silken sash, incribed with oriental characters, was bound around his waist. His face was deadly pale; but every feature of it was singularly beautiful; and its expression was that of profound wisdom, mingled with poignant sorrow.

"Pardon me, learned sir," said he, addressing the philosopher, "but your fame has traveled into all lands, and has reached all ears; and I could not leave the fair city of Florence without seeking an interview with one who is its greatest boast and ornament."

"You are right welcome, sir," returned Agrippa, "but I fear that your trouble and curiosity will be but ill repaid. I am simply one, who instead of devoting my days, as do the wise, to the acquirement of wealth and honor, have passed long years in painful and unprofitable study, in endeavoring to unravel the secrets of nature and initiating myself in the mysteries of the occult sciences."

"Talkest thou of *long* years!" echoed the stranger, and a melancholy smile played over his features;

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"thou, who hast scarcely seen four score since thou left'st thy cradle, and for whom the quiet grave is now waiting, eager to clasp thee in her sheltering arms! I was among the tombs to day—the still and solemn tombs; I saw them smiling in the last beams of the setting sun. When I was a boy, I used to wish to be like that sun; his career was so long, so bright, so glorious. But to-night I thought it was better to slumber amongst those tombs than to be like him. To-night he sank behind the hill, apparently to repose; but to-morrow he must renew his course, and run the same dull and unvaried, but toilsome and unquiet race. There is no grave for him, and the night and morning dews are the tears he sheds over his tyrannous destiny."

Agrippa was a deep observer and admirer of external nature and of all her phenomena, and had often gazed upon the scene which the stranger described; but the feelings and ideas which it awakened in the mind of the latter were so different from any thing which he had himself ever experienced that he could not help, for a season, gazing upon him in speechless wonder. His guest, however, speedily resumed the discourse.

"But I trouble you, I trouble you; to my pure in making you this visit. I have heard strange ble wondrous mirror, which your potent art of a to construct, in which whosoever ed you the distant or the dead on whom he see again to fix his gaze. My eyes see no- his outward visible world which can be th eir sight. The grave has closed over Time has carried down the stream that once contributed to my enjoyment.

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The world is a vale of tears; but among all the tears which water that sad valley, not one is shed for me; the fountain in my own heart, too, is dried up. I would once more again look upon the face which I loved. I would see that eye more bright, and that step more stately, than the antelope's; that brow, the broad smooth page on which God had inscribed his fairest characters. I would gaze on all I loved and all I lost. Such a gaze would be dearer to my heart than all that the world has to offer me, except the grave."

The passionate pleadings of the stranger had such an effect upon Agrippa (who was not used to exhibit his miracle of art to the eyes of all who desired to look in it, although he was often tempted by exorbitant presents and high honors to do so) that he readily consented to grant the request of his extraordinary visitor.

"Whom would'st thou see?"

"My child, my own sweet Miriam," answered the stranger.

Cornelius immediately caused every ray of light of heaven to be excluded from the chamber, placed the stranger on his right hand, and commenced chanting, in a low soft tone, and in a strange language some lyrical verses, to which the stranger thought he heard occasionally a response; but it was a sound so faint and indistinct that he hardly knew whether it existed any where but in his own fancy. As Cornelius continued his chant, the room gradually became illuminated; but whence the light proceeded it was impossible to discover. At length the stranger plainly perceived a mirror which covered the whole of the extreme end of the apartment,

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d over the surface of which a dense haze or cloud
med to be rapidly passing.
'Died she in wedlock's holy bands?'" inquired
rnelius.
'She was a virgin as spotless as the snow.'
'How many years have passed away since the
ve enclosed her?"
A cloud gathered on the stranger's brow, and he
wered somewhat impatiently: "Many, many,
re than I now have time to number."
'Nay," said Agrippa, "but I must know. For
ry ten years that have elapsed since her death,
e must I wave this wand; and when I have
ved it for the last time, you will see her figure in
mirror."
'Wave on, then," said the stranger, and groaned
terly. "Wave on, and take heed that thou be
weary."
Cornelius Agrippa gazed on his guest with some-
ng of anger, but he excused his want of courtesy
the ground of the probable extent of his calami-
. He then waved his magic wand many times,
to his consternation, it seemed to have lost its
ue. Turning again to the stranger, he ex-
med,
Who and what art thou, man? Thy presence
les me. According to all the rules of my art,
wand has already described twice two hundred
—still has the surface of the mirror experienced
eration. Say, dost thou mock me, and did no
erson ever exist, as thou hast described to me?"
'ave on, wave on," was the stern and only
which this interrogatory extracted from the
er.

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The curiosity of Agrippa, although he was himself a dealer in wonders, began now to be excited, and a mysterious feeling of awe forbade him to desist from waving his wand, much as he doubted the sincerity of his visitor. As his arm grew slack, he heard the deep solemn tones of the stranger, exclaiming, "wave on, wave on!" and at length, after his wand, according to the calculation of his art, had described a period of about twelve hundred years, the cloud cleared away from the surface of the mirror, and the stranger, with an exclamation of delight, arose and gazed rapturously upon the scene which was there represented. An exquisitely rich and romantic prospect was before him. In the distance rose lofty mountains, crowned with cedars; a rapid stream rolled in the middle, and in the foreground were seen camels grazing, a rill trickling by, in which some sheep were quenching their thirst, and a lofty pine tree, beneath whose shade a young female of exquisite beauty, and richly habited in the costume of the East, was sheltering herself from the rays of the noon-tide sun.

"'Tis she, 'tis she!" shouted the stranger; and he was rushing towards the mirror, but was prevented by Cornelius, who said:

"Forbear, rash man, to quit this spot! with each step that thou advancest towards the mirror, the image will become fainter; and shouldst thou approach too near, it will vanish away entirely."

Thus warned, he resumed his station, but his agitation was so excessive that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the philosopher for support, while from time to time, he uttered incoherent expressions of wonder, delight, lamentation.

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'Tis she! 'tis she! even as she looked *while* liv-
! How beautiful she is! Miriam, my child,
st thou not speak to me? By heaven she moves!
smiles! oh speak to me a single word! or breath,
igh. Alas! all's silent—dull and desolate as
heart! Again that smile! that *smile*, the
embrance of a thousand winters have not been
to freeze up in my heart! Old man, it is in
to hold me! I must and will clasp her!"
s he uttered the last words he rushed franticly
rds the mirror; the scene represented within it
d away, the cloud gathered again over its sur-
, and the stranger sank senseless to the earth.
en he recovered his consciousness he found him-
in the arms of Agrippa, who was chafing his
ples and gazing on him with looks of wonder
fear. He immediately rose to his feet, with
red strength, and pressing the hand of his host,
aid,
Thanks, thanks, for thy courtesy, and thy kind-
, and for the sweet but painful sight which thou
presented to my eyes."
s he spake these words he put a purse into the
l of Cornelius; but the latter returned it say-

Nay, nay, keep thy gold, friend. I know not,
ed, that a Christian man dare take it; but be
as it may, I shall esteem myself sufficiently
id if thou wilt tell me who thou art."
Behold," said the stranger, pointing to a large
rical picture which hung on the left hand of the

see," said the philosopher; "an exquisite
of art, the production of one of our best and

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earliest artists, representing our Savior carrying his cross."

"But look again!" said the stranger, fixing his keen dark eyes intently on him, and pointing to a figure on the left hand of the picture.

Cornelius gazed, and saw with wonder what he had not observed before—the extraordinary resemblance which this figure bore to the stranger, of whom indeed it might be said to be a portrait.

"That," said Cornelius, with an emotion of horror, "is intended to represent the unhappy infidel who smote the divine sufferer for not walking faster, and was therefore condemned to walk the earth himself until the period of that sufferer's second coming."

"'Tis I, 'tis I!" exclaimed the stranger; and rushing out of the house, rapidly disappeared.

Then did Cornelius Agrippa know that he had been conversing with the Wandering Jew.

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THE SPECTRE OF THE ROPE-WALK.

BY the blue and yellow haze of a midnight lamp—at a moment, O! complaisant reader—when all thy senses are absorbed in dreamy darkness, lulled by the soporific smorzando of thy nasal cornicle—when the pageantry of life is to thee a nihility; and time and space and things thereunto pertaining, are all resolved into a shapeless lump of oblivion—when thy recumbent brow, whether at noon-day crowned with gorgeous diadems or surmounted by a greasy tarpaulin, is happily enjoying an utter negation of earthly care, and resting in the fathomless vacuum of sleep—when "'past twelve o'clock,' the drowsy watchman bawls," as Peter Pindar hath it—and when, as inditeth the same poet, "From murky vaults the dough-faced spectres do crowd forth," blinking and gibbering at each other like witches in a thunder squall—lo! the plodding historian sitteth down to the relation of a veritable tale, that shall make thy muscles to tremble, and thy scalp to tumefy with amazement.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of the anno domini eighteen hundred and blank, there came into the port of Nantucket a barque from the realms of Ching Hong Fohi, lord of the celestial empire, where groweth tea and bandanas. Among the souls on board, was that of Boshong Hushi, surnamed *Ie*, a mandarin of the seventeenth grade, escaped from the perils of degradation from his caste; and from

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the tongues of three wooden shod wives. Upon his tunic there were silver buttons curiously wrought, and innumerable threads of gaudy colored silk were interwoven among the compartments of his grotesque turban. His projecting cheek bones, compressed nose, liberal mouth beset with teeth of bronze, "like angel visits, few and far between"—united to a complexion of sedate sallowness, gave him altogether an affecting and ghastly interest among inquisitive and anxious beholders. With his camphor wood trunks and other valuables, he at length, debarked; and, after idly wandering for some months amidst the populace and the sands, he became penniless and discontented. He sighed in secret for his country, and he lamented in public the absence of his consorts, whose very scolding in classical Chinese was to him far preferable to the outlandish jargon that fell so constantly upon the thin tympanum of his little oriental auricle. He thought of tea and tamarinds, and ruminated on rice and river water—articles of import or scarcity. He dreamed of the lovely Quanghi, pondered on the swarthy charms of Mingshin, and over him came visions of the polished Fhi Kien. There was a romantic stare in his small olive colored optics, that told of absent comforts, and of estranged attachments. He walked upon the strand by starlight, and strolled over the cliffs on rainy afternoons, meditating things inexpressible. At one moment he was half determined to fall in love with some individual of the feminine gender, could he find a countenance and finger-nails resembling the beauties of India. But opportunity, that convenient commodity, occurred not; and poor *Ie*—the matter

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cannot be minced—resolved in his distraction, to—hang himself! To a few intimates he hinted this determination, and his desire to "go home." He was advised to proceed by water; but he deemed it more practicable and expeditious to adopt a different line; religiously believing that strangulation would immediately introduce him into the society of his long lost kindred, located in the flourishing village of Whompee, towards the rising sun. Expostulation therefore was in vain; for who, in this free country, will attempt to impede the progress of religious opinion, or meddle with the pious rites even of an unregenerated heathen?

The spot selected by *Ie*, for the performance of this ceremony, was the site of a deserted ropewalk, extending along the margin of the harbor, alienated from public notice, and screened by its own forbidding aspect from the gaze of vulgar eyes. Thither he repaired at midnight, one twenty-ninth of February, with a long rope under one arm, and an eleemosynary pig under the other. Whether the swinish victim were designed as a propitious sacrifice, or as the subject of scientific experiment, no mortal can divine. Howbeit, some strolling boys, emulous of shelter from a sudden shower, incautiously entered the dark and dismal edifice, at its southern extremity. They had approached but a few paces, when the eyeballs of some bristly monster, "midway in air," seem to glare horribly upon the intruders. At the further end, they discovered a human figure, whither they bent their steps. "He is dancing," said one of the lads, as the thunders bellowed, the rain drove through the frequent crevices, and the whole building reeled under the

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pressure of broken and spiteful blasts. They hurried towards the corpse of *Ie*, as it swung to and fro amidst the elemental uproar. But soon, with a simultaneous shriek, they bolted forth at a ready outlet, and bore the awful tidings through storm and peril to the nearest neighbor.

The unfortunate pagan suicide and his companion, were soon after removed from their elevated attitude, and deposited horizontally within the bosom of Christian soil. But, on taking down those bodies, the hempen halters by which they had been fatally suspended, were left dangling *in terrorem* upon the crazy beams—a sad and deplorable oversight, as shall be shown in the sequel. Since that memorable juncture, no human being, with one exception, has dared to approximate within arm's length of the appalling strings, nor had the temerity to look upon them a moment after sunset.

Albeit, exactly four years thereafter, to wit, at the first quadrennial return of the said twenty-ninth of February, Mr. Nicholas Noodle, chancing to perambulate the precincts of the premises, for no sort of good, at a very witching time of night, was suddenly astounded with an unearthly squeal, coming from the rope-walk aforesaid. Physically fortified and mentally strengthened by dint of recent brandy ling, Mr. Noodle drew nigh unto the noise. He oked at the long, low, dark wooden skeleton fore him—he looked beyond, where insensibly rose the rotund moon, majestically and quietly aling towards the zenith—he looked behind, re stretched the placid bay, reposing on its hollow breathing in gentle ripples, and reflecting here there a flash from straggling moon-beam. He

looked—and he thought it a clear case of desolation. He moved onward, though somewhat less ardently, until he could distinctly hear a shrill voice exclaiming in the Chinese tongue, *Ie, Ie, Ie!* Mr. Noodle waxed desperate, and advanced—oh! presumptuous Noodle! Presently he saw a sharp face like that of a pig, poked through a broad crevice into the cold and naked moonshine. He lifted his foot with the intent to kick—when he felt himself whirled into the cranny, and in a twinkle triced up by the heels beneath the horrible gibbet of Boshong

Hushi. His brain was turned; and he beheld myriads of sprites and goblins with green eyes and red hair, making all manner of supernatural mouths, and capering about him like ghosts in the garret of bedlam Dizzy with dismay and upside-downish-

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ness, he *rose* into a swoon . . . . . , and when Mrs. Noodle called him down to breakfast the next morning, placing before him the relics of a soused minister's face,* Mr. Noodle vowed with an affirmation——a vow since scrupulously observed—henceforth to abstain from brandy slings!

*A pig's head, whether baked or soused, is known in New England by this singular term.

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THE LEGEND OF KNOCKSHEOGOWNA.

IN Tipperary is one of the most singularly shaped hills in the world. It has got a peak at the top, like a conical night cap thrown carelessly over your head, as you awake in the morning. On the very point is built a sort of lodge, where in the summer the lady who built it and her friends used to go on parties of pleasure; but that was long after the days of the fairies, and it is, I believe, now deserted.

But before lodge was built or acre sown, there was close to the head of the hill a large pasturage,

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where a herdsman spent his days and nights among the herd. The spot had been an old fairy ground, and the good people were angry that the scene of their light and airy gambols should be trampled by the rude hoofs of cattle; it sounded sad in their ears and the chief of the fairies of the hill determined in person to drive away the new comers, and the way she thought of was this: when the harvest nights came on, and the moon shone bright and brilliant over the hill, and the cattle were lying down hushed and quiet, and the herdsman wrapped in his mantle, was musing, with his heart gladdened by the glorious number of stars twinkling above him, bathed in the flood of light bursting all over the sky, she would come and dance before him—now in one shape—now in another—but all ugly and frightful to behold. One time she would be a great horse, with the wings of an eagle, and a tail like a dragon, hissing loud and spitting fire. Then in a moment she would change into a little man, lame of a leg, with a bull's head, and a lambent flame playing round it. Then into a great ape, with duck's feet, and a turkeycock's tail.

But I should be all day about it were I to tell all the shapes she took. And then she would ar, or neigh, or hiss, or bellow, or howl, or hoot, never yet was roaring, neighing, hissing, bellowing, howling, or hooting heard in this world before since. The poor herdsman would cover his face, call on all the saints for help, but it was of no . With one puff of her breath she would blow the fold of his great-coat, let him hold it ever ightly over his eyes, and not a saint in Heaven him the slightest attention. And to make

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matters worse, he never could stir, no, nor even shut his eyes, but there was obliged to stay, held by what power he knew not, gazing at these terrible sights, until the hair of his head would lift his hat half a foot over his crown, and his teeth would be ready to fall out from clattering. But the cattle would scamper about mad, as if they were bitten by the fly; and this would last until the sun rose over the hill. The poor cattle, from want of rest, were pining away, and food did them no good; besides, they met with accidents without end. Never a night passed that some of them did not fall into a pit and get maimed, or may be killed. Some would tumble into a river, and be drowned; and in a word, there seemed never to be an end to the accidents. But what made the matter worse, there could not be a herdsman got to tend the cattle by night. One visit from the fairy drove the stoutest-hearted almost mad.

The owner of the ground did not know what to do. He offered double, treble, quadruple wages, but not a man could be found for the sake of money to go through the horrors of seeing a fairy. She rejoiced at the successful issue of her project, and continued her pranks. The herd gradually thinning, and no man daring to remain on the ground, the fairies came back in numbers, and gambolled as merrily as before, quaffing dew-drops from acorns, and spreading their feast on the head of capacious mushrooms. What was to be done, the puzzled farmer thought in vain. He found that his substance was daily diminishing, his people terrified, and his rent day coming round. It is

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no wonder he looked gloomy, and walked mournfully down the road.

Now in that part of the world dwelt a man of the name of Larry Hoolahan, who played on the pipes better than any other player within fifteen parishes. A roving, dashing blade was Larry, and feared nothing. Give him plenty of liquor, and he would defy the devil. He would face a mad bull, or fight single-hand against a fairy.

In one of his gloomy walks, the farmer met him, and on Larry's asking the cause of his down-looks, he told him all his misfortunes.

"If that is all that ails you," said Larry, "make your mind easy. Were there as many fairies on Knocksheogowna as there are potatoe blossoms in Eliogurty, I would face them. It would be a queer thing, indeed, if I, who never was afraid of a proper man, should turn my back upon a brat of a fairy, not the bigness of one's thumb."

"Larry," said the farmer, "do not talk so bold, for you know not who is hearing you; but, if you make your words good, and watch my herds for a week on the top of the mountain, your hand shall be free of my dish till the sun has burnt itself down to the bigness of a farthing rushlight."

The bargain was struck, and Larry went to the hill-top, when the moon began to peep over the brow. He had been regaled at the farmer's house, and was bold with the extract of barleycorn. So he took a seat on a big stone, under a hollow of the hill, with his back to the wind, and pulled out his pipes. He had not played long, when the voice of the fairies was heard upon the blast, like a low

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stream of music. Presently they burst out in a loud laugh, and Larry could plainly hear one say,

"What! another man upon the fairies' ring? Go to him, queen, and make him repent his rashness," and they flew away.

Larry felt them pass by his face, as they flew, like a swarm of midges; and, looking up hastily, he saw between the moon and him, a great black cat, standing on the very tip of its claws, with its back up, and mewing with the voice of a water-mill. Presently it swelled up towards the sky, and, turning round on its left hind leg, whirled till it fell on the ground, from which it started in the shape of a salmon, with a cravat round its neck, and a pair of new top boots.

"Go on, jewel," said Larry; "if you dance I'll pipe;" and he struck up.

So she turned into this, and that, and the other; but still Larry played on, as he well knew how. At last she lost patience, as ladies will do when you do not mind their scolding, and changed herself into a calf, milk-white as the cream of Cork, and with eyes as mild as the girl I love. She came up gentle and fawning, in hopes to throw him off his guard by quietness, and then to work him some wrong. But Larry was not so deceived; for when she came up, he, dropping his pipes, leaped upon her back.

Now from the top of Knocksheogowna, as you look westward to the broad Atlantic you will see the Shannon, queen of rivers, "spreading like a sea," and running on in gentle course to mingle with the ocean through the fair city of Limerick. It on this night shone under the moon, and looked

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utiful from the distant hill. Fifty boats were ding up and down on the sweet current, and the ng of the fisherman rose gaily from the shore. arry, as I said before, leaped upon the back of the iry and she, rejoiced at the opportunity, sprung rom the hill top, and bounded clear at one jump, ver the Shannon, flowing as it was just ten miles rom the mountain's base. It was done in a se- ond; and when she alighted on the distant bank, kicking up her heels, she flung Larry on the soft turf. No sooner was he thus planted than he looked her in the face, and scratching his head cried out:

"By my word, well done! that was not a bad leap *for a calf.*"

She looked at him a moment, and then assumed her own shape.

"Laurence," said she, "you are a bold fellow; will you come back the way you went?"

"And that's what I will," said he, "if you let me."

So changing to a calf again, Larry got on her back, and at another bound they were again upon the top of Knocksheogowna. The fairy once more assuming her figure, addressed him:

"You have shown so much courage, Laurence," said she, "that while you keep herds on this hill, you never shall be molested by me or mine. The day dawns; go down to the farmer and tell him this; and if anything I can do may be of service to you, ask and you shall have it."

She vanished accordingly; and kept her word in never visiting the hill during Larry's life; but he

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never troubled her with requests. He piped and drank at the farmer's expense, and roosted in his chimney corner, occasionally casting an eye to the flock.

He died at last, and was buried in a green valley of Tipperary; but whether the fairies returned to the hill of Knocksheogowna after his death is more than I can say.

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CAPTAIN KIDD IN ALBANY.

A LEGNED OF THE COLONIE.

ANY generations have passed away since the old pirate Kidd, so wickedly that did, visited this region, and yet great interest still attaches to his name, and to his deeds he reabout, especially to the immense sums of money he is reputed to have buried on Beeren island and near the mouth of the Norman's kil, at a place long after known as *Kidden hoogten*, or Kidd's heights. Much of these grounds have been dug up at different times, for the purpose of finding the

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treasure buried there, but with no success, probably on account of the charm placed upon the locality, which baffles all search.

It was nearly two hundred years ago that a stout, bull-necked man, with a hooked nose, knocked at the door of widow Doortje Stogpens in the Colonie, and demanded admittance. It was a stormy night, and the monotonous pattering of the rain against the windows had lulled the good woman into a doze. Perhaps she was predisposed to such a state by her constant labor, during the day in knitting stockings, which employment, together with that of taking snuff, monopolized her faculties. Be this as it may, the noise at the door soon scattered her thick coming fancies, and with some trepidation she hobbled to learn its cause. Scarcely had she uplifted the latch, when a sudden gust of wind beat open the door and extinguished her candle.

"Are you the wife of Diederik Stogpens, who is now absent at sea?" asked a rough voice.

"I am that disconsolate woman."

"Then with your permision I will step in. It is an ugly night, and I am wet and cold." After a moment's silence he added, "I can give you some information respecting your husband."

With that he pushed back the door, and groped after the widow into the recesses of her habitation. A dim fire stewed moodily on the hearth. Its look was forbidding; but an inherent fear of scandal imparts that expression to every thing connected with a widow, especially with one whose husband is off at sea; besides the elements without were yet more shrewishly inclined. With all possible expedi-

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tion the jufvrouw Stogpens seized the tongs and exerted her strength in puffing a sullen coal; but the wick had become wet, and seemed unwilling to burn. Her features, as they flashed on the view of the stranger, betrayed the inroads of time and snuff. She had certainly passed her meridian, and the cap which reposed so demurely on her venerable crown, bespoke the respectability of her character. He hastened to offer his services, which were accepted, and the candle once more emitted a cheerful flame.

As the light shone over the countenance of the stranger, the widow anxiously perused its lineaments; but she gave no sign of recognition. A pair of red frizzled whiskers, which extended into the mouth of their owner; an enormous queue reaching far down his back, and a giant frame, presenting no familiar object. In a tone of disappointment she besought her visitor to take a seat by the fire and communicate the intelligence he promised.

"With all my heart," said the stranger; "you must know, madam, that about seven years ago I fell in with your husband, old Dirk Stogpens, at St. Jago, one of the Cape Verds. He had been taken sick shortly after his arrival there, and his vessel left without him."

"Bless me, how you talk! I declare you have set me all of a flutter. Now we heard that his vessel was taken by that horrid Captain Kidd, and all hands barbarously murdered and sunk in the salt sea. Poor Dirkje; I shall never forget how I felt when I heard the shocking news. Deacon Loockermans, said I, wiping my eyes with my apron, if he had been regularly lost at sea, it would have been a comfort. But bless me, you say he did not sail."

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"Exactly so—if madam, you happen to have a drop of gin, or any such sort of thing in the house, I would get on better with my story; my memory is kind o' froze up like."

The old lady went to the cupboard and produced a bottle of Hollands. After taking a draught which nearly emptied it of its contents, he produced a short snubby pipe, deliberately filled it with tobacco, and began to puff in silence. Some agitating recollection had taken possession of his mind, to judge of the huge volumes of smoke he incessantly belched from the recesses of his whiskers. His hostess had to address him repeatedly before he could be recalled to a continuation of his narrative.

"Eh—aha (puff) Dick Stogpens—where did I leave off? Well (puff) finding the vessel gone on his recovery from the fever, he one day fell in with some of my—some of Kidd's crew, who persuaded him to join them, and become a gallant rover."

Never was a widow woman whose husband was off at sea, more shocked than poor Mrs. Stogpens, at this information. She wept, took snuff, and wept again, while the stranger continued smoking and muttering to himself.

"Dirk Stogpens, as hearty a cock as ever sailed—wide awake as a blackfish—poor fellow—hard fate at last."

The unfortunate widow now blubbered a request to know the particulars of the catastrophe; and the visitor, after taking a fresh tug at the gin bottle, filled up his pipe anew, and proceeded.

"We had been cruising off Newfoundland a considerable time without falling in with any vessels;

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but at last, luck seemed to have changed. *It was a* cold winter's morning before the break of *day*, that we espied through the dim atmosphere, a *tall* vessel, sleeping as it were, on the heaving breast of the ocean. Stogpens was on the watch. He hurried below to communicate the pleasing intelligence. I was on deck in a moment. Every thing promised an easy and valuable prize. Soon *all* hands were roused, and it was determined a select party should man the boats and attempt to take *her* by surprise. Poor Dirk was one. The boats stole *silently* on with muffled oars, while we loaded up our guns. Before they reached the vessel they were discovered and an alarm given. We heard them clamber up her sides; a terrible conflict followed; when it ceased no signal of victory was given. We discharged our guns. Our broadside was feebly returned, and we continued to pour shot into her for more than an hour. The rising sun discovered her in a sinking condition. We would fain have approached to learn the fate of our comrades; but a brisk gale springing up, we were obliged to separate, and that was the last I ever heard of Stogpens. I never felt worse since my name was Robert Kidd."

It is impossible to conjecture what exhibitions of grief and despair dame Stogpens might have thought proper to make, had this woeful intelligence been imparted by Deacon Lookermans; as it was, her horror at being in the presence of Kidd overcame every other feeling. The bloody Kidd had long been the bug-bear of the country; and to be alone with him at that dismal hour was enough to appall a stouter heart than that of dame Stogpens; or indeed of any other widow whose husband was off at sea.

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It is said that on this memorable night Kidd recounted the events of his life. How by scouring the seas for many years he had acquired an enormous quantity of treasure; how he had buried it by night on Beeren island at Coeymans, and at the Kidden hooghten; how he transferred his right over it to the old Scratch for his left eye-tooth, which is well known to have the power of turning all metals into gold by its touch; how he proceeded to Boston, where his vessel was immediately seized, and he had a narrow escape; how in lurking about town, he remembered to have heard Stogpens mention his wife's living in the Colonie; how he had great difficulty in finding the house, and finally that he would give her untold gold if she would secrete him in her garret, until he could make his escape.

How disconcerted was the jufvrouw Stogpens at such a proposal! For five minutes she could do nothing but take enormous pinches of snuff. How distressing! She had a spare bed in her attic—and then if he should be hung through her cruelty, she might be teased with his ghost—and then to the gold; but her compliance cost her a world of maccaboy.

There was one thing Mrs. Stogpens particularly wished to know. Capt. Kidd had bargained with the old Scratch. What sort of a looking creature was he. "Why, he appeared a thin, elderly man, in a bob wig, velvet breeches, and glasses. His sallow skin was drawn as tight over his jaws as the parchment of a drum. He had a keen look—appeared remarkably sanctified, and moreover had a trick of continually turning upon his heel and blowing his nose."

"Did he have a long tail and a cloven foot?"

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"Why as to the tail, I can't tell—for the cunning knave would not let me get around him; and his cloven foot, if he had any, was hid in a shoe with a silver buckle. Egad as much as I could do to look after the bargain, without minding such trifles."

Here Kidd began to whiff inveterately, and the widow was silent.

But the old Scratch in parting with his golden tooth, had no idea of bidding it a permanent adieu. His malignant soul could not bear the idea of a mortal's enjoying so much wealth; and being sanguine of speedily taking possession of the pirate, he had reluctantly acceded to the terms, and given up the tooth. Kidd was shortly after taken in Boston, in the disguise of a gentleman, and executed in London, in the year 1701. But what was the rage and mortification of the old Scratch, in hunting for the tooth, to find it missing! He departed in a huff, leaving the carcass to the medical faculty.

Now it happened that Kidd, in smoking at the widow Stogpen's, was exceedingly annoyed by the sensibility of the golden tooth. Three puffs heated it beyond endurance, and knowing the art, he took it from the socket, lest it should roast all the marrow in his jaw. In the hurry of his departure it was left behind, and before he could return to recover it, he met his doom. Long after Kidd's execution, jufvrouw Stogpens, in examining some old garments, found the tooth, but did not recognize it. On looking in the glass next morning, she was greatly bewildered at perceiving a large tooth in her upper jaw. She could not tell for her life how it came there; and all day long she tugged to get it out, but in vain. Nothing was now talked of but the new tooth cut

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by the widow Stogpens. Some mysteriously shook their heads; others pronounced her a witch, and said she ought to be hung; others held their canes to their noses, or stroked their venerable beards, and said nothing. In the heat of the dispute, the poor woman died, having been fairly worried to death, and was secretly buried with a horse shoe nailed to her coffin.

The story came to light many years after, and the tooth was sought for in vain. A pair of gold andirons was found about the same time in a garret in the Colonie, which some persons believe are still extant, and that the golden tooth is now in the possession of a gentleman on the Watervliet turnpike.

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MERMAIDS.

That all is well that ends well, is established on the authority of Shakespeare, but whether the adage is sufficient to establish the existence of mermaids is not yet satisfactorily decided.

Mermaids are described as fabulous beings dwelling in the sea, having the head and body of a man and woman, and the tail of a fish. The fiction may be derived from that of the tritons and nereids or sea nymphs of antiquity. Pliny, Ælian, and Pausanius give particular accounts of their being seen by sailors and others, especially in the seas around the island of Taprobane, and on the neighboring coast. Julius Cæsar Scaliger, in his commentary on Aristotle (*De Animalibus*), maintains their existence. According to Alexander ab Alexandro, Theodore Gaza once saw a mermaid cast on shore in the Morea after a heavy storm. It had a human and charming countenance, but a scaly body and tail, was terrified and burst into tears on finding itself surrounded by spectators, and at the first opportunity scrambled back to the sea, plunged joyously in, and disappeared.

In Alexander's own time the appearance of a merman in Epirus was a matter of public record. Rondelet (1554) gave a picture of a singular merman seen in Poland, which was clothed by nature

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with the garb of a bishop. The most formidable animal of this kind is the devil-merman, *monstrum marinum dæmoniforme*, captured on the shore of Illyria, seen alive at Antwerp, and described by Aldrovandus. In the reign of Roger, king of Sicily, a young man bathing on shore met a maiden of great beauty, who remained for a time with him, but never spoke, and finally returned to the sea. The Bretons believe in mermaids which sing and comb their golden hair, and draw down to their palaces of gold and crystal at the bottom of the sea those who venture imprudently into the water. The merrows of Irish legends are mermaids. Capt. Whitbourne minutely describes a mermaid seen by him in 1610 in the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland. Monsters of similar appearance have since been occasionally described; but it is affirmed by Sir Humphry Davy that a human head, human hands, and human mammæ are wholly incompatible in the same creature with a fish's tail. Tennyson and others poets have availed themselves of the fiction. Lord Monboddo, in his ancient Metaphysics, expresses a belief in the existence of mermen and mermaids, and adduces many facts to illustrate his opinions. Among numerous writers whom he quotes is Valentyn, a minister of the gospel in Amboyna, who published, in the Dutch tongue, a large collection of facts in support of the existence of the mermaid. It is now very generally believed that these animals, mentioned by Lord Monboddo and other writers, who flourished long before him, are fabulous, existing merely in the imagination. The following extracts, however, are curious, as showing the appearance and habits which were formerly

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posed to be attached to the mermaid, and are ated with a minuteness of detail, gravity and apparent simplicity, which looks marvellously like uth.

In the Company's daily register for the year 1653, here is inserted, that Lieut. Smallen, saw at the time he was sent with some men on an expedition in the bay of Hodudela, as did all the people that were with him, in clear day-time, two mermaids, the one greater, the other smaller, which they took to be man and wife, swimming together; and the hair of their heads hung over the neck, and that it appeared between a green and grayish color. They were, all above the waist, shaped exactly as a human creature; but from thence downward, they seemed to go off tapering to a point. About six weeks afterwards, near the same place, the like appearance was seen by the said Smallen, and upward of fifty people were with him.

In 1712, it is said a mermaid, or sea-woman, was taken alive, near the island of Boro, which was fifty-nine inches, or five feet long. She lived four days and seven hours, and then died, as she would not eat anything. She was never heard to articulate any noise. It is said that one Samuel Falvers, in Amboyna, preserved the body for some time, and made out an exact description of it, by which it appears that her head was like a woman's properly proportioned, with eyes, nose and mouth, only the eyes, which were light blue, seemed to differ a little from those of the human species. The hair, that just reached over the neck, appeared of sea-green or grayish color. She had breasts, long arms, hands and all upper parts of the body, almost

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as white as a woman's, but leaning somewhat to the sea-gray. The lower part of her body appeared like the hinder part of a fish.

It is well known that many writers have handed down to us an account of what happened in the year 1403 or 1404. in the time of a great storm in Europe. Many dikes in Holland were broken down between Kempen and Edam, in the Zuyder Zee. A wild, or sea woman, was driven from thence through a breach in the dike into the Parmer sea, and there taken by the boors of Edam, to which place they brought her, cleared her of sea-ware and put clothes on her. The people of Harlem heard of it and requested to have her, which was granted. She had, in the meantime, learned to eat victuals, and they afterwards taught her to spin. She lived many years, and, as the priests said, had been observed to pay reverences to the holy cross. She was allowed at her death, a Christian burial. Many writers declare that they had spoken to people who had seen the sea woman.

Ludovicus Vives relates that in his time, a mermaid was taken in Holland, and was carefully kept for two years; that she began to speak, or at least, to make a very disagreeable noise, in imitation of speech; that she found an opportunity and got into the sea.

The Portuguese speak of mermaids as a common thing on the coast of Zosala and Mozambique. John Dilercy relates a curious story of some American fishers. One night, it being a perfect calm, they observed a mermaid coming into their vessel; and, fearing it to be some mischievous fish, in the

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fright, one of them cut the creature's hand off with a hatchet, when it sunk immediately, but soon came up again and gave a deep sigh, as one feeling pain. The hand was found to have five fingers, and nails like a man's hand.

After the foregoing relations from reading and rehearsay, the author, Mr. Valentyn, declares what he saw himself on his voyage from Batavia to Europe, in the year 1714. In twelve degrees and thirty-eight minutes south latitude, on the first day of May, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I, the captain, purser and mate of the watch, and a *great* many of the ship's company, it being very calm and the sea smooth as glass, saw at about the distance of thrice the length of the ship from us, very distinctly, on the surface of the water, seemingly sitting with his back to us and half the body above the water, a creature of a grizzlish, or gray color, like that of a codfish-skin. It appeared like a sailor, or a man sitting on something; and more like a sailor, as on its head there appeared to be something like an English cap of the same color. He sat somewhat bent, and we observed him to move his head from one side to the other, upwards of five-and-twenty times; so that we all agreed that it must certainly be some shipwrecked person. I after some time begged the captain to order them to steer the ship more directly toward it, being somewhat on the starboard side, which was done accordingly, and we had got within a ship's-length of him, when people on the forecastle made such a noise that he plunged down, head foremost, and got presently out of sight. But the man who on the watch at the mast-head, declared he saw

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him for the space of two hundred yards, and that he had a monstrous long tail.

I shall now only mention, that, in 1716, the newspapers were everywhere full of a sea-man, who appeared in the month of January, near Raguza, a small city on the Adriatic sea, the like of which I never heard or read of. It had much the resemblance of a man, but it was near fifteen feet long. Its head was very large, and its feet and arms were well-proportioned to its body. It appeared for several days running, and commonly came out of the sea about three o'clock in the afternoon and walked with monstrous strides, sometimes in one, sometimes in another place, along the shore. People from far and nigh went to look at him; but they were so much afraid that they kept a good distance from it, and many looked with spy-glasses. It often carried its hands above its head. The hideous noise it made could be heard at half a mile's distance, so that people in the neighborhood were sore afraid. The various accounts given by those who saw it, are so uniformly the same, that there is no room left to question the veracity of the story.

Mr Valentyn then concludes with saying—If, after all this there shall be found those who disbelieve the existence of such creatures as sea-men, or mermaids, of which we have, at least, given great reason to believe that there are, let them please themselves: I shall give myself no more trouble about them.

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THE BURNING PINE.

It was a clear and beautiful star light night, in the month of June, and the peaceful inhabitants of Alesbury walked abroad among the spreading oaks, or reclined, with their pipes, their door sills, or lolled in meditative mood by windows, enjoying the fresh air. The old men gathered themselves together on the green before door of the venerable inn, quietly to discuss the irs of the village, and hear what news was ught by the last newspaper—for, reader, there s a newspaper taken in the village; the children re all gone to bed, and save that a small group merry girls and boys, whose license according to llage rule, extended to the hour of nine, occasion- ly made the air echo with "a whoop and a call," arce a whisper broke in upon the solemn stillness round to disturb the weary who had sunk with the un to rest.

The season had been very dry and warm, and dreading the desolations of fire, should it break out in the woods among the thick pines, hunting had been prohibited for some weeks, and a constant watch was kept by those who lived most contiguous or who had property at stake—for most of the inhabitants remembered the conflagration which some years before burst from the forest, upon the village and almost laid it in ruins; scorching with a deluge of flame, whole fields of vegetation, and estroying the fences in every quarter. It

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chanced at this very hour, that some ill-boding fancy led two honest Dutchmen to the summit of the hill, that rose behind the village, that before their last pipe went out, they might look over the vast world of woods beyond it, towards the ford, and see that all was well. They reached the summit, but what a shock; distinctly as could be, a small bright flame gleamed as if on the very top of a tall pine on the southern border of the forest. They raised each a hand simultaneously, pointed to the spectacle and exclaimed as in the same breath, "Look dere!" — The sound echoed in the valley. Its tone was not to be mistaken. Twenty voices repeated it; all hastened to the spot; the alarm spread; the beds were deserted; the children screamed; the girls and boys ran to and fro. Those who were older hurried to rouse the neighborhood around, and for fifteen minutes alarm was at its height.

As other places however, the village had its idlers, who looked on with too much complacency to be entirely credulous, and, also, entirely innocent. Some half a dozen sat themselves down on the hill top, and watched and watched the burning pine; and averred that the flame grew no larger, and that the tree did not consume, even while those below, cried out that the smoke was blinding, and the heat already scorching them, and that all the southern heavens were red with the mighty blaze; and they reasoned with their neighbors and succeeded, after half an hour had expired, in allaying the tumult to a certain extent. The blazing pine looked like a distant beacon, beetling above the deep shade, and it shone so bright and clear that

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.ough scearcely larger than a star, it attracted
very eye the moment it was cast in that direction.
A deep strong current of new fears and feelings
ow began to set in. It was not a flame that
pread and burned, but one fixed in mystery aloft,
hining as an omen of some fearful destiny that
mpended over the country. The women first
aught the idea, and wept and kissed their weeping
hildren. The young men stood aloof, eager to
atch the opinion of the more mature—and the old
men collected in a group, and speculated with all
the wisdom of the village, and recited instances
enough of similar wonders to fill a large book. It
was an awful time—and no eye had closed that
night in Alesbury, had not the burning pine sud-
denly put away its unnatural flame and taken up its
wonted nightly shade; the light vanished before
ten, and at twelve all was quiet and at rest.

For a considerable time this nameless pheno-
menon spread an alarm far and wide through the
country; for still it often reappeared in the darkest
nights; and still its appearance remained unac-
counted for—until some were about to remove
from the country, others set on foot a subscription
to build a church; and a few who had been indif-
ferent moralists, reformed and read their bibles.
The price of land fell twenty per cent, and the
neighbors were to be seen gathering themselves
together, and shaking their heads and looking rue-
fully at each other, instead of being engaged about
their usual occupations.

In no calculating the evil that
night have resulted but for a singular discovery
hich at last was made. A young adventurous

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New Englandman, who taught the school, and settled up all the account books in the village, was remarked always to absent himself, when that light appeared. This led to the discovery that he was paying his addresses to the daughter of a rich old German who lived on the river side, and whose hostility rendered this signal from the daughter to her lover necessary to make known to him the season when he might visit her in safety. It was a simple lantern raised to the top of a lofty pine, by means of a long string — an invention which none but a Yankee, perhaps ever would have thought of. But the match was affected by its agency. This discovery raised rather a laugh against the good people of Alesbury, and did more to root out the remains of superstition from among them, than an age of reason could have done.

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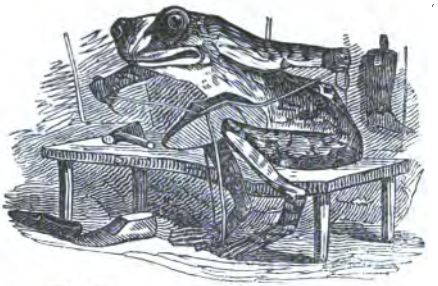

THE FROG CATCHER.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in a town in Vermont, a little whipper-snapper of a fellow, named Timothy Drew. Timmy was not more than five feet one, in his thick soled boots. When standing by the side of his tall neighbors, he appeared like a dwarf among giants. Tall people are too apt to look down on those of less dimensions. Thus did the long-legged Yankees hector poor Timmy for not being a greater man. But what our hero wanted in bulk, he made up in spirit. This is generally the case with small men. As for Timmy, he was all pluck and gristle! No steel-trap was smarter! How such a little one grew on the Green Mountains, was always a mystery. Whether he was actually raised there, is indeed uncertain. Some say he was of Canadian descent,

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and was brought to the States by a Vermont peddler who took him in barter for wooden cucumber-seeds.

But Timothy was above following the cart. He disliked trade, as too precarious a calling, and preferred a mechanic art. Though small, Timmy always knew which side of his bread had butter on it. Let it not be supposed that Timothy Drew always put up with coarse gibes at his size. On necessary occasions he was choke full of fight. To be sure, he could not strike higher than the abdomen of his associates; but his blows were so rapid that he beat out the daylights of a ten-footer, before one could say Jack Robinson. A threat from Timmy was enough. How many belligerents have been quelled by this expressive admonition: "If you say that 'ere again, I'll knock you into the middle of next week!"

Timmy Drew was a natural shoemaker. No man could hammer out a piece of sole-leather with such expedition. He used his knee for a lap-stone, and by dint of thumping, it became as hard and stiff as an iron hinge. Timmy's shop was situated near the foot of a pleasant valley on the edge of a pond above which thousands of water lilies lifted their snowy heads. In the spring, it was a fashionable watering place for bull-frogs, who gathered there from all parts, to spend the warm season. Many of these were of extraordinary size, and they drew near his shop, raised their heads, and swelled out their throats like bladders, until the welkin rung with their music. Timmy, engaged at his work, beat time for them with his hammer, and the hours passed away as pleasantly as the day is long.

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Timmy Drew was not one of those shoemakers that eternally stick to their bench like a ball of wax. It was always his rule to carry his work to the dwellings of his customers, to make sure of the fit. On his way home, he usually stopped at the tavern to inquire the news, and take a drop of something to drink. Here it was that the wags fastened upon him with their jokes, and often made him feel as uncomfortable as a short-tailed horse in fly-time. Still Timmy loved to sit in the bar, and talk with the company, which generally consisted of jolly peddlers, recruiting from the fatigues of the last cruise. With such society much was to be learned, and Timmy listened with intense curiosity to their long-spun tales of the wonderful and wild. There is no person that can describe an incredible fact with greater plausibility than a Yankee peddler. His difficult profession teaches him to preserve an iron gravity in expatiating on his wares, which in few cases can be said to recommend themselves. Thus, narratives, sufficient to embarrass the speech of any other relator, carry with them conviction, when soberly received from such a respectable source.

These peddlers took great delight in imposing on the credulity of Timmy Drew. Some of the stories stuffed into his ears were astonishing. One man had been to the South, and gave a marvellous account of the alligators. He had seen one scampering into the water with a full grown negro in his mouth. Another told a story of a great Canadian that weighed 1250 lbs. in his stockings. ther had seen in Boston the living skeleton,

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with ribs as bare as a gridiron. A fourth had been to New York, and described the great anaconda, which made nothing of mouthing a live goat for its breakfast. A fifth enlarged on the size of the shark, "which swallowed Mr. Joseph Blaney, as exhibited by his son." The wonderful leaps of Sam Patch lost nothing in their recital here; and the mysterious sea serpent, not more than one hundred yards long in Boston, was drawn out to double that length in being trailed up to Vermont behind a tinman's cart.

One peddler told what great smokers the people were in New Orleans. Said he, "The very musquitoes flit about the street in the night with cigars in their mouths!" "Yes," replied another, "and *what* musquitoes they are! By the living hoky, I have seen them flying around as big as a goose, with a brick-bat under their wings, to sharpen their stings on!"

It would be impossible to repeat all the jokes played off on the poor shoemaker. The standing jest, however, was on his diminutive stature, which never was more conspicuous than in their company, for most of them were as tall as bean-poles. On this subject Timmy once gave them a memorable retort. Half a dozen of the party were sitting by the fire, when our hero entered the room. He sat down, but they affected to overlook him. This goaded Timmy, and he preserved a moody silence. Presently one of them spoke.

"I wonder what has become of little Timmy Drew? I haven't seen that 'ar fellow for a week. By gosh! the frogs must have chawed him up."

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-f he was sitting here before your eyes, you
ıdn't see him," said another, "he's so darna-
small." Timmy began to grow uneasy.
I snaggers," said another, "no more you
ıldn't; for he isn't knee high to a toad. I,
ed t'other day at his shop to get my new boots;
t I couldn't see nobody in the place. Then I
ard something scratching in the corner, like a
t. I went to take up a boot, and I heard Timmy
ng out, 'Hallo.' 'Where the dickens are you?'
ıid I. 'Here,' said Timmy, 'in this 'ere boot;'
nd, I snaggers, there he was, sure enough, in the
ottom of the boot, rasping off a peg!"

A general roar of laughter brought Timmy *on* his legs. His dander was raised. "You boast of your bulk, said he, straining up to his full height, and looking contemptuously around; why, I am like a four-penny-bit among *six cents*—worth the whole of ye!"

I shall now describe a melancholy joke, which they played off on the unfortunate shoemaker. I say melancholy, for so it proved to him. A fashionable tailor in a neighboring village came out with a flaming advertisement, which was pasted up in the bar room of the tavern, and excited general attention. He purported to have for sale a splendid assortment of coats, pantaloons, and waist-coats, of all colors and fashions; also, a great variety of trimmings, such as tape, thread, buck-ram, frogs, button-moulds, and all the endless small articles that make up a tailor's stock. The next time Timmy made his appearance, they pointed out him the advertisement. They especially called

his attention to the article of *frogs*, and reminded him of the great quantity to be caught in Lily Pond.

"Why, Timmy," said they, "if you would give up shoemaking, and take to frog-catching, you would make your 'tarnal fortune!"

"Yes, Timmy," said another, "you might bag a thousand in half a day, and folks say they will bring a dollar an hundred."

"*Two* for a cent apiece, they brought in New York, when I was there last," said a cross-eyed fellow, tipping the wink.

"There's frogs enough in Lily Pond," said Timmy; "but it's darnation hard work to catch 'em. I swaggers, I chased one nearly half a day before I took him, he jumped like a grasshopper. I wanted him for a bait. They're plaguy slippery fellows."

"Never mind, Timmy, take a fish net, and scoop 'em up You must have 'em alive, and fresh. A lot at this time, would fetch a great price."

"I'll tell you what, Timmy," said one of them taking him aside, "I'll go you shares. Say nothing about it to nobody. To-morrow night, I'll come and help you catch 'em, and we'll divide the gain." Timmy was in raptures.

As Timmy walked home that night, one of those lucky thoughts came into his head, which are always the offspring of solitude and reflection. Thought he, "These 'ere frogs in a manner belong to me, since my shop stands nearest the pond. Why should I make two bites at a cherry, and divide profits with Jo. Gawky? I'll get up early

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to-morrow morning, catch the frogs, and be off with them to the tailor's before sunrise, and so keep all the money myself." Timmy was awake with the lark. Never before was there such a stir amongst the frogs of Lily Pond. But they were taken by surprise. With infinite difficulty he filled his bag, and departed on his journey.

Mr. Buckram, the tailor, was an elderly gentleman, very nervous and very peevish. He was extremely nice in his dress, and prided himself on keeping his shop as neat as wax-work. In his manner he was grave and abrupt, and in countenance severe. I can see him now, handling his shears with all the solemnity of a magistrate, with spectacles on nose, and prodigious ruffles puffing from his bosom. He was thus engaged one pleasant spring morning, when a short stubbed fellow, with a bag on his shoulder, entered the shop. The old gentleman was absorbed in his employment, and did not notice his visitor. But his inattention was ascribed by Timmy, to deafness, and he approached and applied his mouth to the tailor's ear, exclaiming: "I say, mister! do you want any frogs to-day?" The old gentleman dropped his shears, and sprung back in astonishment and alarm. "Do you want any frogs this morning?" shouted Timmy at the top of his voice. "No!" said the tailor, eyeing him over his spectacles, as if doubting whether he was a fool or madman.

"I have got a fine lot here," rejoined Timmy, shaking his bag. "They are just from the pond, and as lively as kittens."

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"Don't bellow in my ears," said the old man pettishly, "I am not deaf. Tell me what you want, and begone!"

"I want to sell you these 'ere frogs, old gentleman. You shall have them at a bargain. Only one dollar a hundred. I won't take a cent less. Do you want them?" The old man now got a glance at the frogs, and was sensible it was an attempt at imposition. He trembled with passion.

"No!" exclaimed he, "get out of my shop, you rascal!"

"I say you do want 'em," said Timmy, bristling up, "I *know* you want 'em; but you're playing offish like, to beat down the price. I wont take a mill less. Will you have them, or not, old man?"

"Scoundrel!" shouted the enraged tailor, "get out of my shop this minute!"

Puzzled, mortified and angry, Timmy slowly turned on his heel, and withdrew. "He won't buy them," thought he, "for what are they worth, and as for taking *nothing* for them, I won't. And yet, I don't want to lug them back again; but if I ever plague myself by catching frogs again, may I be buttered! I'll try the old curmudgeon once more;" and he again entered the shop. "I say Mr. Buckram, are you willing to give me anything for these 'ere frogs?"

The old man was now goaded past endurance. Stamping with rage, he seized his great shears to beat out the speaker's brains.

"Well, then," said Timmy bitterly, "take 'em among ye for nothing,"—at the same time emptying the contents of his bag on the floor, and marching out.

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Imagine the scene that followed! One hundred live bull-frogs, emptied upon the floor of a tailor's shop! Some jumped this way and some that way, some under the bench and some upon it, some into the fire-place and some behind the door. Every nook and corner of the shop was occupied in an instant. Such a spectacle was never seen before. The old man was nearly distracted. He rent his hair, and stamped in a paroxysm of rage. Then seizing a broom, he made vain endeavors to sweep them out at the door. But they were as contrary as hogs, when he swept one way, they jumped another. He tried to catch them with his hands, but they were as slippery as eels, and passed through his fingers. The neighbors, seeing Mr. Buckram sweeping frogs out of his shop, gathered around in amazement, to inquire if they were about to be beset with the plagues of Egypt. But Old Buckram was in such a passion that he could not answer a word, and they were afraid to venture within the reach of his broom. It is astonishing what talk the incident made in the village. Not even the far-famed frogs of Windham excited more. Thus were the golden visions of the frog-catcher resolved into thin air. How many speculators have been equally disappointed!

After this affair Timothy Drew could never endure the sight of a bull-frog, and was unwilling to converse on the subject. His irritability when it was mentioned only provoked inquiry. People were vexing him with questions, "Well, continually how goes the frog market?" "Timmy, do you sell frogs!" Even the children all after him, as he passed: "There goes the

frog catcher!" Some mischievous person went so far as to disfigure his sign, so that it read:

SHOES MENDED,
AND FROGS CAUGHT,
BY T. DREW.

In fine, Timmy was kept in a continual fever, and the sound of a frog grew hateful to his ears; so that when they tuned up, he would frequently rush out of his shop, and pelt them with stones. He could not sleep in his bed. Their dismal croak tormented him through the watches of the night. To his distempered fancy, they often repeated his name in their doleful concerts. One night he was awakened from a sound sleep, by a tremendous bellowing close under his windows. It seemed as if all the bulls of Bashan were clearing out their throats for a general roar. He listened with amazement, and distinguished the following sounds:

"Boo-o-o-o-o—
Timmy Drew-o-o-o—
I can make a shoe-o-o-o—
As well as you-o-o-o—
And better too,-o-o-o—
And better too,-o-o-o-o—
Boo-o-o-o-b."

Timmy was certain no common frogs could pipe at this rate. He sprung out of bed, hurried on his clothes, and rushed out of the house. "I'll teach the rascally boys to come here, and shout in this manner!" said he. But no boys could be seen. It was a clear bright night, all was solitary and still, except a discontented muttering of the sleepless frogs in their uncomfortable bed. Timmy, after

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throwing a few stones into the bushes, retired, concluding it was all a dream. For a time the stillness continued, when again the terrible concert swelled on the evening breeze for a while, and then gradually sunk away in the distance. At last their mysterious concerts became very frequent, and the poor shoemaker was nearly deprived of sleep. In vain did he attempt to discover the authors of the annoyance. They could not be found; so that he naturally began to think it was indeed made by the frogs, and that he was to be haunted in this manner all his remaining days. This melancholy idea became seated on his mind, and made him miserable. "Ah!" he said to himself, "that was an unlucky day when I disturbed such a frog's nest for that old rascal of a tailor. But it can't be helped."

The next time Timmy Drew stopped at the tavern, he found the people in earnest consultation. "Have you heard the news?" all inquired in a breath.

"No," said Timmy with a groan.

"Jo. Gawky has seen such a critter in the pond! A monstrous great frog, as big as an ox, with eyes as large as a horse's! I never heard of no such thing in my born days!"

"Nor I," said Sam Greening.

"Nor I," said Josh Whiting.

"Nor I," said Tom Bisbee.

"I have heard say of sich a critter in Ohio," Eb. Crawly; "Frogs have been seed there, as s a sucking p[ig], but not in these 'ere parts." Timmin[s] said Sam Greening, "feels lancholy a[bout] it. She guesses as how it's

a sign of some terrible thing that's going to happen."

"I was fishing for pickerel," said Jo. Gawky, who by the by, was a tall spindle-shanked fellow, with a white head, and who stooped in his chest like a crooknecked squash,— "I was after pickerel, and had on a frog's hind leg for bait. There was a tarnation great pickerel just springing at the line, when out sailed this great he-devil from under the bank. By the living hoky, he was as large as a small sized man! Such a straddle bug I never seed. I up lines, and cleared out like a white-head!"

Timmy examined the faces of the company, and saw that they all credited the story. He began to feel alarmed.

"That are must be the critter I heard t'other night in the pond," said Josh Whiting. "I swanny! he roared louder than a bull."

This extroardinary narrative made a great impression on Timothy Drew. He foresaw something terrible was going to happen. In vain was he questioned touching his knowledge of the monster. He would not say a word.

After this introduction the conversation naturally took a supernatural turn. Every one had some mysterious tale to relate; and thus the evening wore away. Ghosts, witches and hobgoblins formed prolific themes of discussion. Some told of strange sounds which had been heard in the depths of the forests at midnight, and others of the shapeless monsters which seamen had beheld in the wilderness of the deep. By degrees the company fell off, one by one, until Timothy Drew found himself

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alone. He was startled at the discovery, and felt the necessity of departing; yet some invisible power seemed to dissuade him from the step. A presentment of some coming evil hung like an incubus upon his imagination, and nearly deprived him of strength. At length he tore himself away. His course lay over a solitary road, darkened by overshadowing trees. A sepulchral stillness pervaded the scene, which was disturbed only by his echoing footsteps. Onward he glided with stealthy paces, not daring to look behind yet dreading to proceed. At last he reached the summit of a hill, at the foot of which arose his humble dwelling. The boding cry of the frogs was now faintly heard at a distance. He had nearly reached the door of his shop, when a sudden rustle of the leaves by the side of the pond brought his heart into his mouth. At this moment the moon partly emerged from a cloud, and disclosed an object before him that fixed him to the spot. An unearthly monster in the shape of a mammoth bull-frog sat glaring upon him with eyes like burning coals. With a single leap it was by his side, and he felt one of his ankles in its cold rude grasp. Terror gave him strength. With an Herculean effort he disengaged his limb from the monster's clutches, rushed up the hill, and in an instant was gone.

"By the living hoky!" said Jo. Gawky, slowly rising from the ground and arranging his dress, "who'd have guessed this 'ere old pumpkin-head, with a candle in it, would have set that are fellow's stiff knee going at that rate! I couldn't see him travel off, for dust."

It is hardly necessary to add that Varmount never seed no more of *the Frog Catcher.*

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THE LONE INDIAN.

POWANTONAMO was the son of a mig
chief. He looked on his tribe with suc
fiery glance, that they called him
Eagle of the Mohawks. His eye ne
blinked in the sunbeam; and he leaped along
chase like the untiring waves of Niagara. E
when a little boy, his tiny arrow would hit
frisking squirrel in the ear, and bring down
humming bird on her rapid wing. He was
father's pride and joy. He loved to toss him
in his sinewy arms and shout,

"Look, Eagle-eye, look and see the big hun
grounds of the Mohawks! Powantonamo wil
their chief. The winds will tell his brave d
When men speak of him, they will speak lou
if the Great Spirit had breathed in thunder."

The prophecy was fulfilled. When Pow
namo became a man, the fame of his beauty
courage reached the tribes of Illinois; and ever
distant Osage showed his white teeth with del
when he heard of the wild deeds of the Mo
eagle. Yet was his spirit frank, chivalrous
kind. When the white man came to buy lan
met them with an open palm, and spread his
falo for the traveler. The old chiefs love
bold youth, and offered their daughters in
riage. The eyes of the young Indian girls s
led when he looked on them. But he treated
with all the stern indifference of a warrior, un

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saw Soonseetah raise her long dark eyelash. Then his heart melted beneath the beaming glance of beauty.

Soonseetah was the fairest of the Oneidas. The young men of her tribe called her the Sunny-eye. She was smaller than her nation usually are; and her slight, graceful figure was so elastic in its motions, that the tall grass would rise up and shake off its dew drops after her pretty moccasins had pressed it. Many a famous chief had sought her love; but when they brought the choicest furs, she would smile disdainfully, and say: "Soonseetah's foot is warm. Has not her father an arrow?" When they offered her food according to the Indian custom, her answer was, "Soonseetah has not seen all the warriors; she will eat with the bravest."

The hunters told the young Eagle that the Sunny-eye of Oneida, was beautiful as the bright birds in the hunting land beyond the sky; but that her heart was proud, and she said the great chiefs were not good enough to dress venison for her. When Powantonamo listened to these accounts, his lip would curl slightly, as he threw back his fur-edged mantle and placed his firm, springy foot forward, so that the beads and shells of his rich moccasin might be seen to vibrate at every sound of his tremendous war-song. If there was vanity in the act, there was likewise becoming pride.

Soonseetah heard of his haughty smile and resolved in her own heart that no Oneida should sit beside her till she had seen the chieftain of the Mohawks. Before many moons had passed away, he sought her father's wigwam, to carry delicate fur and

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shining shells to the young coquette of the wilderness. She did not raise her bright melting eye to his, when he came near; but when he said, "Will the Sunny-eye look on the gifts of a Mohawk! his barbed arrow is swift; his foot never turned from the foe;" the color of her brown cheek was glowing as an autumnal twilight.

Her voice was like the troubled note of the wren, as she answered, "The furs of Powantonamo are soft and warm to the foot of Soonseetah. She will weave the shells in the wampum belt of the Mohawk Eagle."

The exulting lover sat by her side, and offered her venison and parched corn. She raised her timid eye, as she tasted the food, and then the young Eagle knew that Sunny-eye would be his wife.

There was feasting and dancing, and the marriage song rang merrily in Mohawk cabins, when the Oneida came among them. Powantonamo loved her as his own heart's blood. He delighted to bring her the fattest deers of the forest, and load her with the ribbons and beads of the English.

The prophet of his people liked it not that the stranger grew so numerous in the land. They shook their heads mournfully and said, "The moose and the beaver will not live within the sound of the white man's gun. They will go beyond the lakes and the Indians must follow their trail." But the young chief laughed them to scorn. He said, "The land is very big. The mountain eagle could not fly over it in many days. Surely the wigwams of the English will never cover it."

Yet when he held his son in his arms, as his father had done before him, he sighed to hear the

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strokes of the axe, leveling the old trees of his woods. Sometimes he looked sorrowfully on his baby boy, and thought perchance he had done him much wrong, when he smoked a pipe in the wigwam of the stranger.

One day he left his home before the gray mist of the morning had gone from the hills, to seek food for his wife and child. The polar star was bright in the heavens ere he returned, yet his hands were empty. The white man's gun had scared the beasts of the forest, and the arrow of the Indian was sharpened in vain. Powantonamo entered his wigwam with a cloudy brow. He did not look at Soonseetah; he did not speak to her boy; but silent and sullen he sat leaning on the head of his arrow. He wept not, for an Indian may not weep, but the muscles of his face betrayed the struggle within his soul.

The Sunny-eye approached fearfully, and laid her little hand upon his brawny shoulder, as she asked, "Why is the Eagle's eye on the earth! What has Soonseetah done, that her child dare not look in the face of his father?"

Slowly the warrior turned his gaze upon her. The expression of sadness deepened, as he answered, "The Eagle has taken a snake to his nest; how can his young sleep in it?"

The Indian boy, all unconscious of the forebodings which stirred his father's spirit, moved to his side, and peeped up in his face with a mingled expression of love and fear. The heart of the generous savage was full, even to bursting. His hand trembled as he placed it on the sleek, black hair of his only son. "The Great Spirit bless thee; the

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Great Spirit bless thee, and give thee back the hunting ground of the Mohawk!" he exclaimed. Then folding him for an instant in an almost crushing embrace, he gave him to his mother, and darted from the wigwam.

Two hours he remained in the open air; but the clear breath of heaven brought no relief to his noble and suffering soul. Wherever he looked abroad the ravages of the civilized destroyer met his eye. Where were the trees, under which he frolicked in infancy, sported in boyhood, and rested after the fatigues of battle? They formed the English boat, or lined the English dwelling. Where were the holy sacrifice heaps of his people? The stones were taken to fence in the land which the intruder dared to call his own. Where was his father's grave? The stranger's road passed over it, and his cattle trampled on the ground where the mighty Mohawk slumbered. Where was his once powerful tribe? Alas, in the white man's wars they had joined with the British in the vain hope of recovering their lost privileges. Hundreds had gone to their last home; others had joined distant tribes; and some pitiful wretches, whom he scorned to call brothers, consented to live on the white man's bounty. These were corroding reflections, and well might fierce thoughts of vengeance pass through the mind of the deserted prince; but he was powerless now; and the English swarmed like vultures around the dying.

"It is the work of the Great Spirit," said he. "The Englishman's God made the Indian's heart afraid; and now he's like a wounded buffalo, when hungry wolves are on his trail."

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When Powantonamo returned to his hut, his countenance, though severe, was composed. He spoke to the Sunny-eye with more kindness than the savage generally addresses the wife of his youth; but his look told her that she must not ask the grief which had put a woman's heart within the breast of the far-famed Mohawk Eagle. The next day, when the young chieftain went out on a hunting excursion, he was accosted by a rough, square-built farmer.

"Powow," said he, "your squaw has been stripping a dozen of my trees, and I don't like it over much."

It was a moment when the Indian could ill brook a white man's insolence.

"Listen, Buffalo-head!" shouted he; and as he spoke he seized the shaggy pate of the unconscious offender, and eyed him with the concentrated venom of an ambushed rattlesnake. "Listen to the chief of the Mohawks! These broad lands are all his own. When the white man first left his cursed foot-print in the forest, the Great Bear looked down upon the big tribes of the Iroquois and Abnaquis. The wigwams of the noble Delawares were thick, where the soft winds dwell. The rising sun glanced on the fierce Pequods; and the Illinois, the Miamies, and warlike tribes, like the hairs of your head, marked his going down. Had the red man struck ye then, your tribes would have been as dry grass to the lightning. Go—shall the Sunny-eye of Oneida ask the pale face for a basket?"

He breathed out a quick convulsive laugh, and his white teeth showed through his parted lips, as

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he shook the farmer from him, with the s
and fury of a raging panther. After that hi
was unmolested, for no one dared to awak
wrath; but a smile never again visited the
countenance of the degraded chief.

The wild beasts had fled so far from the se
ments, that he would hunt days after days wit
success. Soonseetah sometimes begged him to
the remnant of the Oneidas, and persuade the
go far off toward the setting sun. Powanto
replied, "This is the burial place of my fathe
and the Sunny-eye dared say no more.

At last, their boy sickened and died, of a
he had taken among the English. They b
him beneath a spreading oak, on the banks c
Mohawk, and heaped stones upon his grave,
out a tear.

"He must lie near the water," said the d
chief, "else the white man's horses will tre
him."

The young mother did not weep, but her
had received its death wound. The fever
her, and she grew paler and weaker ever
One morning Powantonamo returned with
delicate food he had been seeking for her -
Soonseetah cat?" said he. He spoke in a
subdued tenderness; but she answered not
foot which was wont to bound forward to me
lay motionless and cold. He raised the t
which partly concealed her face, and saw h
Sunny-eye was closed in death. One
pressed hard against her heart, as if
moments had been painful. The other gra
beads which the young Eagle had given h

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happy days of courtship. One heart-rending shriek was wrung from the agonized savage. He tossed his arms wildly above his head, and threw himself beside the body of her he had loved as fondly, deeply, and passionately as ever a white man loved.

After the first burst of grief had subsided, he carefully untied the necklace from her full, beautiful bosom, crossed her hands over the sacred relic, and put the shining black hair from her smooth forehead. For hours he watched the corpse in silence; then he arose and carried it from the wigwam. He dug a grave by the side of his lost boy; laid the head of Soonsetah towards the rising sun; heaped the earth upon it, and covered it with stones, according to the custom of his people.

Night was closing in, and still the bereaved Mohawk stood at the grave of Sunny-eye, as motionless as its cold inmate. A white man, as he passed, paused, and looked in pity on him.

"Are you sick?" asked he.

"Yes; me sick. Me very sick here," answered Powantonamo, laying his hand upon his swelling heart.

"Will you go home?"

"Home!" exclaimed the heart-broken chief, in tones so thrilling that the white man started. Then slowly, and with a half vacant look, he added, "Yes; me go home. By and by me go home."

Not another word would he speak; and the white man left him and went his way. A little while longer he stood watching the changing heavens; and then, with reluctant step, retired to his solitary wigwam. The next day, a tree, which Soonseetah had often said was just as old as their boy, was

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placed near the mother and child. A
was straggling among the loose stones, wi
antonamo carefully twined it around the an
he said, "and now is the Eagle of the Moha
around him." He spoke in the Sunny-eye has her
native tongue; but there was none to ans
"Yes; Powantonamo will go home." sighed
"He will go where the sun sets in the ocean,
the white man's eyes have never looked upon it
One long, lingering glance at the graves o
kindred, and the Eagle of the Mohawks bade
well to the land of his fathers.

* * *

For many a returning autumn, a lone India
seen standing at the consecrated spot we have
tioned; but, just thirty years after the dea
Soonseetah, he was noticed for the last time-
step was then firm, his figure erect, thoug
seemed old and way-worn. Age had not di
the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep
choly had settled on his wrinkled brow.
Powantonamo—he who had been once the E
the Mohawks! He came to lie down and die b
the broad oak, which shadowed the grave of
eye. Alas, the white man's axe had been
The tree he had planted was dead; and th
which had leaped so vigorously from bra
branch, now yellow and withered, was fal
ground. A deep groan burst from the
the savage. For thirty wearisome years
watched that oak, with its twining tendrils
were the only things left in the wide world
to love, and they were gone! He looked

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The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the warpath, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed, and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had only visited by stealth, during thousands and thousands of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn, the long line of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountains, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian.

"Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn and trampled on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home," said he. "Where is the squaw and the papoose of the red man? They are here!" As he spoke he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked

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round upon the fair scene, with a troubled gaze.

"The pale face may like it," "but an Indian can not die here saying, he broke his bow-string, arrows, threw them on the burial fathers, and departed forever.

* * *

None ever knew where Powantonamo dying head. The hunters from the man had been among them, whose off towards the rising sun; that he who had lost his way, and was sick the Great Spirit. Perchance, he slept sleep where the distant Mississippi hundred streams. Alone, and unfriended, have laid him down to die, where no him brother, and the wolves of the desert this, may have howled the death song Mohawk Eagle.

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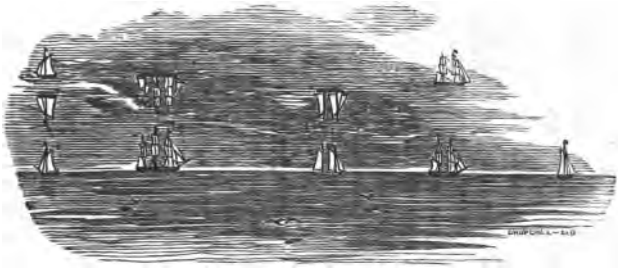

THE MIRAGE.

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THE MIRAGE.

THE unequal refraction of the atmosphere frequently occasions peculiar and curious appearances on the water. Sometimes the sun, when it rises through a dense atmosphere, appears greatly elongated in its vertical diameter. Presently it appears double, the two parts being connected together by a neck. At length two suns are distinctly seen; the refracting sun appearing wholly above the water, before the true sun has risen. We have repeatedly seen and admired this surprising and exceedingly beautiful phenomenon. Some critics, because Pentheus saw two suns rising over Thebes, have drawn the inference that he could not have been a member of the temperance society; but his vision might have been merely assisted by refraction. This mirage or loom, frequently causes Nahant, Egg Rock, and vessels on the coast, to appear nearly twice their natural height, and sometimes to seem actually elevated in the air, so as to leave a space beneath them. Portions of the south shore, also, which are commonly invisible, appear plainly in sight.

On a pleasant Sunday afternoon, in the summer of 1843, several vessels were seen off Nahant, reflected in the manner represented. The atmosphere was dense, yet transparent, and there were several strata of thin vapory clouds lightly suspended over the water, on which the vessels were brightly mirrored. The refracted images were as clearly portrayed as

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the real vessels beneath; and a drawing can but imperfectly represent the exceeding beauty of the mirage.

It was undoubtedly this effect of the mirage, which occasioned the spectacle of the Phantom ship at New Haven, and the romance of the Flying Dutchman.

The Phantom Ship.

In the year 1647, besides much other lading, a far more rich treasure of passengers, five or six of which were persons of chief note and worth in New Haven, put themselves on board a new ship, built at Rhode Island, of about 150 tons. In the month of January, cutting their way through much ice, they set sail. Mr. Davenport in prayer, with an observable emphasis, used these words: "Lord, if it be thy pleasure to bury these our friends in the bottom of the sea, they are thine: save them." The spring following, no tidings of these friends arrived with the ships from England: New Haven's heart began to fail her: this put the godly people on much prayer, both public and private, "that the Lord would, if it was his pleasure, let them hear what he had done with their dear friends, and prepare them with a suitable submission to his Holy Will." In June next ensuing, a great thunder storm arose out of the north-west after which (the hemisphere being serene) about an hour before sun-set, a ship of like dimensions with the aforesaid, with her canvas and colors abroad (though the wind northerly) appeared in the air coming up from our harbor's mouth, which lies southward from the town, seemingly with her

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sails filled under a fresh gale, holding
north, and continuing under observation
against the wind for the space of
"Many were drawn to behold this
God; yea, the very children cried out,
brave ship!" At length, crowding up
is usually water sufficient for such a
near that some of the spectators imagined
might hurl a stone on board her, her main-top
to be blown off, but left hanging in the
then her mizzen-top; then all her masting
blown away by the board; quickly after
brought unto a careen, she overset, and so
into a smoky cloud, which in some time
leaving, as every where else, a clear air.
miring spectators could distinguish the
of each part, the principal rigging, and
portions, as caused not only the generality
to say, "This was the mould of their ship,
was her tragic end." The vessel was never
from, and this mirage was thought to
exhibited by supernatural power, to
fate of their ship to the expectant people
Haven.

The Flying Dutchman.

Our ship, after touching at the Cape,
again, and soon losing sight of the Table
began to be assailed by the impetuous attacks
which is well known to be more formidable
in most parts of the known ocean. The
grown dull and hazy, and the breeze,
formerly blown fresh, now sometimes

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entirely, and then recovering its strength, short time, and changing its direction, blew emporary violence, and died away again, as if ising a melancholy caprice. A heavy swell to come from the south-east. Our sails ed against the masts, and the ship rolled from to side, as heavily as if she had been water- ed. There was so little wind that she would steer-

at two P. M. we had a squall, accompanied by nder and rain. The seamen, growing restless, ked anxiously a-head. They said we would have irty night of it, and that it would not be worth ile to turn into their hammocks. As the second ate was describing a gale he had encountered off ape Race, Newfoundland, we were suddenly taken l a-back, and the blast came upon us furiously. We continued to scud under a double-reefed main- ail and foretop-sail till dusk; but, as the sea ran nigh, the captain thought it safest to bring her to. The watch on deck consisted of four men, one of whom was appointed to keep a look-out a-head, for the weather was so hazy, that we could not see two cables' length from the bows. This man, whose name was Tom Willis, went frequently to the bows, as if to observe something, and when the others called to him, inquiring what he was looking at, he would give no definite answer. They, therefore, went also to the bows, and appeared startled, and at first said nothing; but presently one of them cried, "William, go call the watch."

The seamen, having been asleep in their ham- mocks, murmured at this unreasonable summons, and called to know how it looked upon deck. To

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which Tom Willis replied, "Come up and see What we are minding is not on deck, but a-head." their jackets, and they ran up without putting o there was a whispering; when they came to the bow

One of them asked, "Where is she? I do not se her." To which another replied, "The last flas of lightning showed there was not a reef in one her sails; but we, who know her history, know th all her canvas will never carry her into port."

By this time, the talking of the seamen ha brought some of the passengers on deck. The could see nothing, however, for the ship was sur rounded by thick darkness, and by the noise of th dashing waters, and the seamen evaded the ques tions that were put to them.

At this juncture the chaplain came on deck. He was a man of grave and modest demeanor, and was much liked among the seamen, who called him Gentle George. He overheard one of the men ask ing another, "If he had ever seen the Flying Dutchman before, and if he knew the story about her?" To which the other replied, "I have heard of her beating about in these seas. What is the reason she never reaches port?"

The first speaker replied, "They give different reasons for it, but my story is this: She was an Amsterdam vessel, and sailed from that port se venty years ago. Her master's name was Vander decken. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way, in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sailor under him had reason to com plain; though how it is on board with them now, nobody knows. The story is this: that in doubling

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the Cape, they were a long day trying to weather the Table Bay, which we saw this morning. However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Vanderdecken walked the deck, swearing at the wind. Just after sunset, a vessel spoke him, asking him if he did not mean to go into the bay that night. Vanderdecken replied, 'May I be eternally d—d if I do, though I should beat about here till the day of judgment!' And to be sure, Vanderdecken never did go into that bay; for it is believed that he continues to beat about in these seas still, and will do so long enough. This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her."

To which another replied, "We must keep clear of her. They say that her captain mans his jolly-boat, when a vessel comes in sight, and tries hard to get along-side, to put letters on board, but no good comes to them who have communication with him."

Tom Willis said, "There is such a sea between us at present, as should keep us safe from such visits."

To which the other answered, "We cannot trust to that if Vanderdecken sends out his men."

Some of this conversation having been overheard by the passengers, there was a commotion among them. In the meantime, the noise of the waves against the vessel could scarcely be distinguished from the sounds of the distant thunder. The wind had extinguished the light in the binnacle, where the compass was, and no one could tell which way the ship's head lay. The passengers were afraid to ask questions, lest they should augment the secret

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sensation of fear which chilled every heart, for while they learn any more than they already knew. For the state they attributed their agitation of mind to the state of the weather, it was sufficiently perceptible that they did their alarms also arose from a cause which they did not acknowledge.

The lamp of the binnacle being re-lighted, they perceived that the ship lay closer to the wind than she had hitherto done, and the spirits of the passengers were somewhat revived.

Nevertheless, neither the tempestuous state of the atmosphere nor the thunder had ceased; and soon a vivid flash of lightning showed the waves tumbling around, and, in the distance, the Flying Dutchman scudding furiously before the wind, under a press of canvas. The sight was but momentary, but it was sufficient to remove all doubt from the minds of the passengers. One of the men cried aloud, "There she goes, top-gallants and all."

The chaplain had brought up his prayer-book, in order that he might draw from thence something to fortify and tranquilize the minds of the rest. Therefore, taking his seat near the binnacle, so that the light shone upon the white leaves of the book, he, in a solemn tone read out the service for those distressed at sea. The sailors stood round him with folded arms, and looked as if they thought it would be of little use. But this served to occupy the attention of those on deck for a while.

In the meantime, the flashes of lightning becoming less vivid, showed nothing else, far or near, but the billows weltering round the vessel. The sailors seemed to think that they had not yet seen the

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worst, but confined their remarks and prognostications to their own circle.

At this time, the captain, who had hitherto remained in his berth, came on deck, and with a gay and unconcerned air, inquired what was the cause of the general dread. He said he thought they had already seen the worst of the weather, and wondered that his men had raised such a hubbub about a cap-ful of wind. Mention being made of the Flying Dutchman, the captain laughed. He said, "he would like very much to see any vessel carrying top-gallant sails in such a night, for it would be a sight worth looking at." The chaplain, taking him by one of the buttons of his coat, drew him aside, and appeared to enter into serious conversation with him.

While they were talking together, the captain was heard to say, "Let us look to our own ship, and not mind such things;" and accordingly, he sent a man aloft, to see if all was right about the fore top-sail yard, which was chafing the mast with a loud noise.

It was Tom Willis who went up; and when he came down, he said that all was tight, and that he hoped it would soon get clearer; and that they would see no more of what they were most afraid of.

The captain and first mate were heard laughing loudly together, while the chaplain observed, that it would be better to repress such unseasonable gayety. The second mate, a native of Scotland, whose name was Duncan Sanderson, having attended one of the University classes at Aberdeen, thought himself too wise to believe all that the sailors said, and took part with the captain. He jestingly told Tom Willis to

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borrow his grandam's spectacles the next time he was sent to keep a look-out-ahead. Tom walked sulkily away, muttering that he would nevertheless trust to his own eyes till morning, and accordingly took his station at the bow, and appeared to watch as attentively as before.

The sound of talking soon ceased, for many returned to their berths, and we heard nothing but the clanking of the ropes upon the masts, and the bursting of the billows a-head, as the vessel successively took the seas.

But after a considerable interval of darkness, gleams of lightning began to reappear. Tom Willis suddenly called out. "Vanderdecken, again! Vanderdecken, again! I see them letting down a boat."

All who were on deck ran to the bows. The next flash of lightning shone far and wide over the raging sea, and showed us not only the Flying Dutchman at a distance, but also a boat coming from her with four men. The boat was within two cables' length of our ship's side.

The man who first saw her ran to the captain, and asked whether they should hail her or not. The captain, walking about in great agitation, made no reply. The first mate cried, "Who's going to heave a rope to that boat?" The men looked at each other, without offering to do any thing. The boat had come very near the chains, when Tom Willis called out. "What do you want? or what the devil has blown you here in such weather?" A piercing voice from the boat, replied in English, "We want to speak with your captain." The captain took no notice of this, and Vanderdecken's boat having come

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close alongside, one of the men came upon deck, and appeared like a fatigued and weather beaten seaman, holding some letters in his hand.

Our sailors all drew back. The chaplain, however, looking steadfastly upon him went forward a few steps, and asked, "What is the purpose of this visit?"

The stranger replied, "We have long been kept here by foul weather, and Vanderdecken wishes to send these letters to his friends in Europe."

Our captain now came forward, and said, as firmly as he could, "I wish Vanderdecken would put his letters on board of any other vessel rather than mine."

"We have tried many a ship," replied the stranger, "but most of them refuse our letters."

Upon which, Tom Willis muttered, "It will be best for us if we do the same, for they say there is sometimes a sinking weight in your paper."

The stranger took no notice of this, but asked where we were from. On being told that we were from Portsmouth, he said, as if with strong feeling, "Would that you had rather been from Amsterdam! Oh that we saw it again!—we must see our friends again." When he uttered these words, the men who were in the boat below, wrung their hands, and cried, in a piercing tone, in Dutch, "Oh that we saw it again! We have been long here beating about: but we must see our friends again!"

The chaplain asked the stranger, "How long have you been at sea?"

He replied, "We have lost our count; for our almanac was blown overboard. Our ship, you see is there still; so why should you ask how long we

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have been at sea? for Vanderdecken only wishe
to write home and comfort his friends."
To which the chaplain replied, "Your letters,
fear, would be of no use in Amsterdam, even if the
were delivered, for the persons to whom they wer
addressed are probably no longer to be found there
except under very ancient green turf in the church
yard."

The unwelcome stranger then wrung his hand
and appeared to weep; and replied, "It is impossi
ble. We cannot believe you. We have been long
driving about here, but country nor relations cannot
be so easily forgotten. There is not a rain-drop in
the air but feels itself kindred to all the rest, and
they fall back into the sea to meet with each other
again. How then, can kindred blood be made to
forget where it came from? Even our bodies are
part of the ground of Holland; and Vanderdecken
says, if he were once come to Amsterdam, he would
rather be changed into a stone post, well fixed into
the ground, than leave it again, if that were to die
elsewhere. But in the mean time, we only ask you
to take these letters."

The chaplain, looking at him with astonishment
said, "This is the insanity of natural affection, which
rebels against all measures of time and distance."

The stranger continued, "Here is a letter from
our second mate, to his dear and only remaining
friend, his uncle, the merchant who lives in the
second house on Stuncken Yacht Quay."

He held forth the letter, but no one would ap-
proach to take it.

Tom Will is raised his voice, and said, "One of
our men here, says that he was in Amsterdam last

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summer, and he knows for certain, that the street called Stuncken Yacht Quay was pulled down sixty years ago, and now there is only a large church at that place."

The man from the Flying Dutchman said, "*It is* impossible; we cannot believe you. Here is another letter from myself, in which I have sent a bank note to my dear sister, to buy some gallant lace, to make her a high head-dress."

Tom Willis hearing this said, "*It is most likely* that her head now lies under a tombstone, which will outlast all the changes of the fashion. But on what house is your bank note?"

The stranger replied. "On the house of Vanderbrucker and Company."

The man of whom Tom Willis had spoken said, "I guess there will now be some discount upon it, for that banking house was gone to destruction forty years ago; and Vanderbrucker was afterward missing. But to remember these things is like raking up the bottom of an old canal."

The stranger called out passionately, "It is impossible—We cannot believe it! It is cruel to say such things to people in our condition. There is a letter from our captain himself, to his much beloved and faithful wife, whom he left at a pleasant summer dwelling, on the border of the Haarlemer Mer. She promised to have the house beautifully painted and gilded before he came back, and to get a new set of looking glasses for the principal chamber, that she might see as many images of Vanderdecken, as if she had six husbands at once."

The man replied, "There has been time enough for her to have had six husbands since then; but

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were she alive still, there is no fear that Vande
decken would ever get home to disturb her." ear
On hearing this, the stranger again shed
and said if they would not take the letters he
leave them; and looking around, he offered the pa
cel to the captain, chaplain, and to the rest of
crew successively; but each drew back as it
offered, and put his hands behind his back.
then laid the letters upon the deck, and placed
them a piece of iron, which was lying near, to
vent them from being blown away. Having
this, he swung himself over the gang-way, and
into the boat.

We heard the others speak to him, but the rise o
a sudden squall prevented us from distinguishing his
reply. The boat was seen to quit the ship's side,
and in a few moments there was no more traces of
her than if she had never been there. The sailors
rubbed their eyes, as if doubting what they had
witnessed; but the parcel still lay upon deck, and
proved the reality of all that had passed.

Duncan Saunderson, the Scotch mate, asked the
captain if he should take them up and put them in
the letter bag. Receiving no reply, he would have
lifted them if it had not been for Tom Willis, who
pulled him back, saying that nobody should touch
them.

In the mean time, the captain went down to the
cabin, and the chaplain having followed him, found
him at his bottle case, pouring out a large dram of
brandy. The captain, although somewhat discon-
certed, immediately offered the glass to him, saying,
"Here, Charters, is what is good in a cold night."
The chaplain declined drinking any thing, and the

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captain having swallowed the bumper, they both returned to the deck, where they found the seamen giving their opinions concerning what should be done with the letters. Tom Willis proposed to pick them up on a harpoon, and throw them overboard.

Another speaker said, "I have always heard it asserted, that it is neither safe to accept them voluntarily, nor, when they are left, to throw them out of the ship.

"Let no one touch them," said the carpenter. "The way to do with these letters from the Flying Dutchman is to case them upon deck, by nailing boards over them, so that if he sends back for them, they are still there to give him."

The carpenter went to fetch his tools. During his absence the ship gave so violent a pitch, that the piece of iron slid off the letters, and they were whirled overboard by the wind, like birds of evil omen whirring through the air. There was a cry of joy among the sailors, and they ascribed the favorable change which soon took place in the weather to our having got quit of Vanderdecken. We soon got under weigh again. The night watch being set, the rest of the crew retired to their berths.

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THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER.

A FEW miles from Boston, in Massachusett
there is a deep inlet winding several miles i
to the interior of the country from Charl
bay, and terminating in a thickly wood
swamp, or morass. On one side of this inlet is
beautiful dark grove; on the opposite side, the lar
rises abruptly from the water's edge into a hig
ridge, on which grow a few scattered oaks of gre
age and immense size. It was under one of thes
gigantic trees, according to the old stories, tha
Kidd the pirate buried his treasure. The inlet al-
lowed a facility to bring the money in a boat se-
cretly, and at night, to the very foot of the hill.
The elevation of the place permitted a good look out
to be kept, that no one was at hand—while the re-
markable trees formed good landmarks by which the
place might easily be found again. The old stories
add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding
of the money, and took it under his guardianship;
but this, it is well known, he always does with bu-
ried treasure, particularly when it has been ill gotten.
Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover
his wealth—being shortly after seized at Boston,
sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time when earth-
quakes were prevalent in New England, and shook
many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived
near this place a meagre, miserly fellow of the name
of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as him-

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self: they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on she hid away; a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been the common property. They lived in a forlorn looking house, that stood alone and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savine trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveler stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of pudding stone, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passer-by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine. The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall termagant, fierce temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them: the lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamor and clapper-clawing—eyed the den of discord askance, and hurried on his way, rejoicing, if a bachelor, in celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighborhood, he took what he considered a short cut homewards through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The

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swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks—some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noon-day, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses; where the surface often betrayed the traveler into a gulf of black smothering mud: there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tadpole, the bull-frog, and the water snake, where trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half drowned, half rotting, looking like alligators sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest—stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots, which afforded precarious footholds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, along the prostrate trunks of trees—startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild duck, rising on wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strongholds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the Indian fort but a few embankments gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, which formed a contrast to the dark foliage of the pines and hemlocks of the great swamp.

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It was late in the evening when Tom Walker reached the old fort; and he paused there for a while to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place—for the common people had a bad opinion of it from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here, and made sacrifices to the evil spirit. Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind.

He reposed himself some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree-toad, and delving with his walking staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked out the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven scull with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him! The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death-blow was given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave the scull a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Leave that scull alone!" said a gruff voice. Tom lifted up his eyes and beheld a great black man, seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true he was dressed in a rude, half Indian garb, and a red belt or sash swathed round his body; but his face was neither black nor

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copper color, but swarthy and dingy and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions, and he bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing in my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds?" said Tom with a sneer, "no more your grounds than mine — they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be damn'd," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to his neighbors'. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring." Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had nearly been hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody. He now looked round and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great men of the colony, and all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man by that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of fire wood for winter."

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"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of prior claim," said the other, "this woodland belonged to me before one of you white-faced Yankee race of rascals put foot upon the soil."

"And pray who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh! I go by various names. I am the Wild Huntsman in some countries; the Black Miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men devoted this spot, and now and then roasted a white man by way of sweet smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of Quakers and Anabaptists. I am the great patron and prompter of slave-dealers and the grand master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is that, if I mistake not," said Tom sturdily, "you are he commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same at your service!" replied the black man, with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story, though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage in this wild, lonely place, would have shaken any man's nerves; but Tom was a hard minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement, they had a long and earnest conversation together, as Tom returned homewards. The black man told him of

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great sums of money which had been buried by Kidd the pirate, under the oak trees on the high ridge not far from the morass. All these were under his command and protected by his power so that none could find them but such as propitiated his favor. These he offered to place within reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him: but they were to be had on certain conditions. What these conditions were, may easily be surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles where money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp, the stranger paused.

"What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom.," said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying "There is my signature," he turned off into the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Absalom Crowninshield, the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish that "a great man had fallen in Israel."

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. "Let the freebooter roast," said Tom, "who

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cares!" He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused out of mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject; but the more she talked, the more resolute was Tom not to lose his soul to please her. At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself. Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she set off for the old Indian fort towards the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back she was reserved and sullen in her replies. She spoke something of a black man whom she met about twilight, hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms; she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forbore to say. The next evening she sat off again for the swamp with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain; midnight came, but she did not make her appearance: morning, noon and night returned, but she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety; especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver teapot and spoons, and every portable article of value. Another

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night elapsed, another morning came; but no wife. In a word she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows in consequence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts that have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some assert that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp and sunk into some pit or slough; others more uncharitable hinted that she had eloped with the household booty and made off to some province; while others asserted the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire on the top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this it was said a great black man with an axe on his shoulder was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp carrying a bundle tied in a check apron, with an air of surly triumph.

This current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew anxious about the fate of his wife and property, that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon, he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by; or the bull-frog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool. At length, it is said, just at the twilight, when the owls began to hoot and the bats to flit about, his attention was attracted by the clamor of carrion crows that were hovering about a cypress tree. He looked and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron and hanging in the branches of the tree, with a great vulture perched

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hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy, for he recognized his wife's apron and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he, consolingly to himself, "and we will endeavor to do without the woman."

As he scrambled up the tree the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but, woful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it.

Such, according to the most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the evil one, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died game, however, from the part that remained unconquered. Indeed, it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and several handsful of hair, that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodsman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper-clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!"

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his wife; for he was little of a philosopher. He even felt something like gratitude toward the black woodsman, who he considered had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a farther acquaintance with him, but for some time without success: the

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old black legs played shy, for whatever people may think he is not always to be had for calling for; he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to any thing rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodsman dress, with his axe on his shoulder, sauntering along the edge of the swamp, and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advance with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune. By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favors; but there were others about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffic; that is to say, that he should fit out a slave ship. This, however, Tom resolutely refused; he was bad enough in all conscience; but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave dealer.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it; but proposed instead that he should turn usurer — the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people. To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

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"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom.

"You shall lend money at two per cent a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four!" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchant to bankruptcy ——."

"I'll drive him to the devil," cried Tom eagerly.

"You are the usurer for my money!" said the black legs, with delight. "When will you want the rhino?"

"This very night."

"Done!" said the devil.

"Done!" said Tom Walker. So they shook hands, and struck a bargain.

A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting house in Boston. His reputation for a ready moneyed man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Every body remembers the days of Governor Belcher, when money was so very scarce. It was the time of paper credit. The country had been deluged with government bills; the famous Land Bank had been established; there had been a rage for speculating; the people had run mad with schemes for new settlements, and for building cities in the wilderness; land jobbers went about with maps of grants, and townships, and eldorados, lying nobody knew where, but which every body was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculating fever which breaks out every now and then in the country, had raged to an alarming degree, and every body was dreaming of making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual the fever had subsided — the dream had gone off and

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the imaginary fortunes with it — the patients were left in doleful plight, and the whole land resounded with the consequent cry of hard times.

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom Walker set up as an usurer in Boston. His door was soon thronged by customers. The needy and the adventurous — the gambling speculator — the dreaming land-jobber — the thriftless tradesman — the merchant with cracked credit — in short, every one driven to raise money by desperate sacrifices hurried to Tom Walker. Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and he acted like "a friend in need," — that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages — gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer, and sent them at length dry as a sponge from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand — became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon 'change. He built himself a vast house out of ostentation, but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fullness of his vainglory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it; and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axle-trees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and put his wits to work to cheat him out of

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his conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent churchgoer. He prayed loudly and strenuously, as if heaven were to be carried by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week by the clamor of his Sunday devotion! The quiet Christians who have been modestly and quietly traveling Zionward were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert. Tom was as rigid in religion as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account became a credit on his page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecutions of the Quakers and the Anabaptists. In a word, Tom's zeal became as his riches.

Still, in spite of his strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil after all would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small Bible in his pocket. He also had a great folio Bible in his counting-house desk, and would frequently be found reading when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles on the book to mark the place, while he turned around to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say Tom grew a little cracked-brained in his older days, and that, fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost, because that, at the last day, the world would be turned upside down, in which case he would find his horse ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his friend a run for it. This, however, is

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probably an old wife's fable. If he really did take that precaution, it was totally superfluous—at least, so says the authentic old legend, which closes his story in the following manner:

One hot afternoon in the dog days, just as a terrible black thundergust came up, Tom sat in his counting-house in his white linen cap and India silk morning gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unhappy speculator for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land-jobber begged him to grant a few months' indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated, and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish," said the land-jobber.

"Charity begins at home," cried Tom; "I must take care of myself these hard times."

"You have made too much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety. "The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing."

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door.

He stepped out to see who was there. A black man with a black horse, which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you are come for," said the black man, gruffly.

Tom shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat pocket, and his big Bible on the desk, buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose—never was a poor sinner taken more unawares. The black man

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whisked him like a child astride the horse, and away he galloped in the midst of a thunder-storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker dashing down the streets, his white cap bobbing up and down, his morning gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look, the black man had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman who lived near the swamp, reported that in the height of the thunder gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and howling along the road, and that when he ran to the window he just caught sight of a figure such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills, and down into the black hemlock swamps towards the old Indian fort, and that shortly after a thunder-bolt fell in that direction, which seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders. They had been so accustomed to witches and goblins, and tricks of the devil in all kinds of shapes, from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers, all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead

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of his half starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burned to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all griping money brokers lay the story well to heart. The truth is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak trees, from whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day, and the neighboring swamp and the old Indian fort is often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in a morning gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the original of the popular allusion so prevalent throughout New England of "the Devil and Tom Walker."

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INSTINCT OF ANIMALS IN FINDING THEIR WAY HOME.

THE French pigeon post has recalled attention to a subject that has long had a deep interest for naturalists — the power of instinct animals exhibit of finding their way back to a spot from whence they may have been taken, by a road never before traversed by them.

Pigeons carrying messages or returning long distances to their cotes most certainly find their way back by means of sight. This is evidenced by the fact of the long training required, and their inabi-

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lity or disinclination to fly during a fog. But this means of finding out a distant locality cannot apply in the cases we are about to record.

At Vancouver's island a gentleman had a house on one side of Exquimalt harbor, wherein he and his family resided. They had a favorite cat, which was always made a great pet. It so happened that the owner of the house had occasion to change his residence to the other side of the harbor. The distance in a straight line was quite a mile, while to reach the house by making a circuit of the harbor, a distance of quite four miles must be traveled, and that through a dense forest of pines, thickly undergrown with brushwood. When the family removed from one house to the other, pussy was fastened securely into a basket, and taken in a boat across the harbor, and was not let out of her prison until she was secured in a room at her new residence.

It is quite clear in this case that the cat could not have seen any thing of the route followed by water from house to house. Strange as it may seem, she made her escape during the night, and when, on the day following her removal, some of the family returned for articles left behind, there was pussy, somewhat dirty and tired, but in perfect safety. Now she could only have reached the residence in two ways—either by swimming the harbor, which is by no means probable, or she found her way through the forest, where she had never been before, and through thick underbrush, without any trail or path to guide; and what makes the matter far more wonderful is the fact that the cat must have passed close to an Indian village, around which a number of half-wild dogs were always prowling.

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There is another story of somewhat similar character told of a cat, which is, I believe, well authenticated. When living, says the writer, at Four-Paths, Clarendon, Jamaica, I wanted a cat, and had one given to me which was nearly full grown; it was brought from Morgan's Valley estate, where it was bred, and had never been removed from that place before. The distance was five miles. It was put into a canvas bag and carried by a man on horseback. Between the two places there were two rivers, one of them eighty feet broad and two feet and a half deep, running strong; the other wider and more rapid, but less deep. Over these rivers are no bridges. The cat was shut up at Four-Paths for some days and when considered to be reconciled to her dwelling, she was allowed to go about the house. The day after obtaining her liberty she was missing, and, upon my next visiting the estate she was brought from, I was quite amazed to learn that the cat had come back again. Did she swim over the rivers at the fords, where the horse came through with her, or did she ascend the banks for a considerable distance in search of a more shallow place, and where the stream was less powerful? At all events, she must have crossed the rivers, in opposition to her natural habits.

A farmer many years ago moved in the spring from Dutchess county into western New York. He passed through the Schoharie valley on his way, driving with his cattle a large sow with a bell on. Approaching the end of his journey the sow disappeared, and after considerable fruitless search for her, he proceeded on his way. In the following autumn he revisited the place of his former resi-

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dence, where he found that the animal had returned to her old stye, to reach which she had been compelled to swim the Hudson and perform a solitary journey of one hundred miles.

I myself once had a favorite spaniel, called Sport. He was lent to a friend, who came to fetch him. Sport was placed in a dog cart and driven to my friend's residence, a distance of over twenty miles. The cart was so made that air could freely get in for the dog to breathe, but by no possibility could any part of the road be seen during the journey. On his arrival Sport was tied up with a rope under the manger in the stable. During the night the dog gnawed his rope, made his escape through a broken window, and was discovered early in the morning succeeding his departure, sitting weary, hungry, and bedraggled outside the door of my own residence. Now, the question which naturally presents itself is, how did the dog find his way back along a road not one foot of which he had ever seen before? The remembrance of particular objects noted by the way could not have guided the dog, simply because he had no opportunity afforded him of seeing them.

I once, while living in the far west, rode a horse from my camp across a prairie to an encampment of squatters, a distance of more than twenty miles. A river of some width was crossed on the route, the horse being ferried over in a large boat. The animal had never traveled the road previously, nor had it ever run upon the prairie, and yet during the night it contrived to break its tether line, and in the dark to find its way back to our camp; and, what is more strange, the horse actually swam the stream it

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had, during the day, been ferried over in a boat. By what means, it may be asked, did the horse contrive to find its way over a grassy waste, never trodden by it previously, to a given point so far distant? There was no path or trail, and in the dark the horse could not, except by smelling, have retraced its own footprints.

Many similar anecdotes are on record, to which the following authenticated cases may be added:

A horse was turned out in some marshes adjoining the Thames. The distance in a straight line from his owner's house was only a few miles, but he had to be sent a long way around to cross a bridge. In less than twenty-four hours he made his appearance at the stable door, dripping wet, having swam the river and taken a straight line home.

During the life of the celebrated sportsman, the late Sir Richard Sutton, a draft of young hounds was sent up to London by wagon, from the kennel near Lincoln, and there put on board a vessel to go abroad. While the ship was dropping down the Thames, one of them jumped overboard and swam ashore. Some weeks after, it made its appearance at the kennel, half starved, and covered with bites bestowed upon it by its more fortunate fellows. I regret to have to add that it was killed immediately, so many valuable hounds having recently been destroyed in that pack by madness that the huntsman was afraid to take it in.

Some years since, a dog-fox was run to ground on Hathfield Heath, near Ashford, Kent. When dug out he was found to have some remarkable white spots on him, and the Earl of Thanet had him sent to his seat in Westmoreland — Appleby Castle — a

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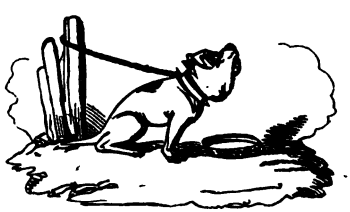
distance of three hundred miles, and turned down. A fortnight afterward the same fox was killed near Hathfield Heath, his native place.

Not long ago, says one writer, I saw a cow bought at a farm auction. About six o'clock in the evening she was sent off home with the purchaser, and was placed in the yard, a distance of fifteen miles from her former home. At six o'clock the next morning she was found back in her old shed, quietly chewing the cud, and waiting to be milked as usual.

I once purchased a brood of ducklings, about a month old, without the hen that hatched them. I took them home and placed them, as I thought safely, in a pig-pound. In the morning I found they were all gone, and I discovered them snugly huddled together at their old quarters, at the other end of the village, in the nest in which they were hatched. A laborer told me he had met them in the street, homeward bound, at four o'clock in the morning, as he was going to work. They had not been off the premises where they were bred before.



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A HUNCHBACK STORY.

ONCE upon a time, in the merry old days, there dwelt in the town of Lille, in France, a hunchbacked tailor, very little, very deformed, very bad-tempered, and very jealous. His wife was a complete slave to his whims and caprices, and, between his bad temper and his jealousy, her life was a burthen to her.

They lived in a little, narrow, and steep street, near the river, and the poor wife knew neither peace nor happiness.

Now it happened one holiday, when her lord had gone out to carouse with a party of friends, that she sat disconsolate in the doorway, sighing and thinking of her happy youth-time, when, with the other village maidens, carolling through the meadows, or at the rustic festivals, she sang almost from morn till eve; and, groaning in spirit as she compared it with her present weary existence, it happened that the sounds of singing came to her ears, and, looking downward, she saw on the bridge that crossed the river three little hunchbacks, fantastically dressed, and very much resembling each other, singing away as merrily as if there was not an unhappy wife in the world. They were evidently wandering minstrels, who sang for their livelihood; and their songs pleased her, for it reminded her of the joyous days of her youth, when she herself, with light heart and cheery voice, sang gleeful songs.

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Should she call them in to sing to her, and join her voice with theirs? Her husband would not be back for some hours, she thought; she hesitated and longed; and at last she made signals to the hunchbacks to come up to the house.

They promptly and gladly came; the tailor's wife set a good pasty before them, gave them a stoup of wine, and then, for an hour, they had such a merry bout of singing, and such a happy time together, as that tailor's dwelling had never known.

Then — for the hunchbacks were hearty topers — she set out to go to the hostelry for another measure of wine; she had hardly left the house before she saw her husband at the foot of the long and hilly street, making for home, and she could see by his gait that he was the worse for liquor.

She fled hurriedly back, in the greatest dismay; for this little hunchback was so furiously jealous, and of so savage a temper, that she trembled for her life if he should find a man in the house. And to discover them there! "Saints protect me!" she cried.

She quickly informed the three hunchbacks of her difficulty; and they, being timid and fearful little fellows, shared her alarm.

What was to be done? To go out of the house by the front door was now too late; and, alas! there was no back door!

There was, however, a large cupboard in the room, with three compartments, each big enough to hold one of the little men; and they, willingly enough, were crammed in by the frightened wife, and hidden by the cloths and garments of the tailoring trade which were kept in the cupboard — she pro-

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mising to release them as soon as her husband left the house again.

They were scarcely concealed, and the doors closed, when the husband entered.

"What's the matter with you? What are you frightened about?" he cried, in a high, shrill, angry voice.

"Nothing, my love," said she still trembling, "I'm sure I've no reason to look pale!"

"There's a reason for you to look red, then!" said he, giving her a smart cuff on the ear, and laughing hoarsely at his rough wit.

You may be sure the three hunchbacks were heartily glad they were out of this cruel man's way, and they all three quaked, timorous souls, as they were, lest he should discover them.

The bewildered and frightened wife vainly tried several little feminine devices to induce her lord to return to his fellow-carousers; but he stopped and stopped, and supped and supped, and scolded and scolded, and sneered and sneered, and jangled and jangled, till darkness set in, and the poor wife was almost beside herself; while, as to the hunchbacks, shut up in that stifling little prison all the time, one trembles to think of them.

At last, after vespers, Master Tailor struts out again, and when he was fairly out of sight, the distracted little woman ran to the cupboard, and with shaking fingers opened the first compartment.

"Come out quickly!" she cried; "my husband is gone."

No answer!

"Quick, quick!" she cried; "are you asleep?"

No answer!

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She tore away the cloths and garments, and the poor little Hunchback Number One fell dead in her arms!

Like a woman in a dream, she feverishly opened the other compartments, and, in another moment, knew that she was alone in the house with three dead men, of whose murder she might be accused! "Good Virgin! Holy Virgin! Blessed Virgin!" she screamed, and fell on her knees in terror and supplication. "What a misfortune to fall upon me, only because I wished to hear a little music! What will become of me? The Lord deliver me from hunchbacks! If this is discovered, the provost, who hangs men and brains women as if they were beasts of the field, will not spare me! Holy Virgin, how unhappy I am!"

And as she lamented, she went to the door, and found, sitting upon the step, a stout water-carrier, of the town, who, having nothing to do, and nothing to drink, sat stupidly staring at the moon. A sudden idea struck the luckless woman. "Ho! my friend," said she; "will you do me a service?"

"Yea! an' if you pay me!" said the honest fellow.

"I'll give you a silver crown."

"What must I do?"

"I'll tell you. There has come into my house a villainous little hunchback, to rob and perhaps murder me in the night. He hid himself in the cupboard, and there he has died like a poisoned rat. Now, all I want is to get rid of the body."

"Is that all?" said the sturdy but simple water-carrier. "I'll soon do that for you. Give me a sack."

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The sack was found, the dead packed and hoisted on to the strong shoulders of the water carrier, and in a very short time the poor hunchback was again on the bridge where, a few hours previously, he had been singing so merrily; a heavy plunge, and—good-by, doomed hunchback!

Meanwhile, the good dame, inspired by necessity, the mother of invention, had placed hunchback Number Two in the compartment just vacated by Number One! and when the simple-minded carrier came back for his crown, "Oh, no!" she cried; "you have let him escape, and he is back, through the help of evil spirits doubtless, in his cupboard, again!"

"What?" said he, scratching his thick head.

"Look!" said she, opening the cupboard.

"There he is sure enough! Well, to be sure, that's odd. I surely threw him into the river, and it's deep enough by the bridge there. He must have hopped out again when I turned away. Well, I'll drown him this time!" and taking up Number Two, he marched off again, not at all pleased with his double trouble.

And now for Number Three. The dame dragged the dead body into the kitchen, and placed it in a sitting posture near the fire; and she had hardly achieved her task before the carrier returned with his empty sack, and demanded his pay.

"I will give it thee willingly!" she cried, "but first, wilt thou not drink a measure of cider?"

'That will I!" cried the water-carrier, who was athirst with his labors.

"Prithee, go into the kitchen, and draw for thyself."

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Promptly he went, and promptly enough he shouted with wonder, to see that slippery hunchback back again before him, and warming his obstinate toes, that would not be drowned, at the glowing fire.

"Tail of the devil!" he cried; and the dame, with well-feigned fear ran into the kitchen, and presently added her cries of alarm to his.

At last recovering his fright, the honest carrier cried out:

"Never fear! It shall never be said that Jean Tresmouillart hath been overcome by an accursed hunchback! I'll drown you, my friend, this time, be sure on't, and I warrant me you shall lie at the bottom of the river like a dead dog!" and angrily seizing him, he strode off to the bridge, and for the third time cast his enchanted burthen into the flood, watching the water to see if he reappeared.

As may be readily credited, he did not come up again, and our water-carrier returned to the house growling but contented.

"There is your crown, good man," said the dame; "and well have you earned it." And, indeed, 'twas with a thankful heart she paid him, glad to be freed from her perilous plight.

The water-carrier went lumbering down the street, musing, as far as in him lay, on the strange adventure that had befallen him, and crossing himself repeatedly, as he thought of the impish hunchbacks.

He had just reached the foot of the long street, when, whom should he espy coming jauntily toward him, in the best of humor, and singing lustily, but the tailor husband of the good dame on the hill!

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"Horns and nails of the devil!" he cried; suddenly stopping to stare at the apparition. "Three times, hunchback of hell, have I thrown thee into the river, and three times hast thou come up again! Thinkest thou to flout and defeat me like this? If I do not finish thee this time call me not Jean! I'll break thy villainous arms and legs, and we'll see then if thou wilt swim!"

And, leaping upon the astounded little tailor, he did belabor and maltreat him with so much fury and vigor, that, very soon, there was no life left in him, and so quickly was he dispatched by the angry Jean, that he had not even time to cry for help. Up he went on the sturdy shoulders of the water-carrier, and in a moment more he splashed into the dark and rolling waters.

"For the fourth time, thou accursed goblin!" cried Jean, who had never in his life so wrestled with the Evil One, as he thought.

Again he wended his way to the house.

"What dost thou want?" said the dame; "did I not pay thee thy crown?"

"That didst thou; *but he came back again!*"

"Who?"

"The demon hunchback! I met him at the foot of the street, coming here, as it seems; and I knew then that he was an imp, and that if I did not vanquish him, he would destroy me! so I fell upon him tooth and nail, and beat him, and broke him, and strangled him, and drowned him — drowned him over again; and I swear by my patron saint that this time he is done for, and that he will never trouble thee again!"

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Then the dame comprehended that it was her cruel little husband who was thus disposed of, and in her heart she grieved not, as indeed why should she?

"My friend," said she to Jean, "I gave thee one crown for thy trouble with the first three hunchbacks; I give thee three crowns for thy trouble with the last one!" and she gave him the money, which well contented him, and very well contented was the dame.

In three days after that time, she was happ again in her own village, and in another year sh had no villainous bad-tempered hunchback for husband, but a good-looking straight-limbed h sant; and they bought a hide of land and a cott with the tailor's savings, and lived happy afterward, though the new husband often wond why his wife never would cross a certain b when they sometimes journeyed to and fro ancient town of Lille. And the chronicler te that this is a true story.

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